

# Newport Mercury

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## The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1875, and is now in its hundred and forty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It has a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading--editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. It reaches many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to advertisers.

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## Local Matters.

### No School Holidays.

The pupils in the public schools were somewhat downhearted at being deprived of two days' vacation this week, but the board of health decided in favor of "safety first." The annual Teachers' Institute was held in Providence on Thursday, Friday and Saturday and it had been announced that the local schools would close as usual so that the teachers might attend. At a meeting of the board of health, held earlier in the week, it was unanimously voted to recommend to the school committee that no school teacher should be allowed to visit Providence, because of the prevalence of infantile paralysis there. The vote was sent to Superintendent Lull who quickly got into communication with the members of the school committee by telephone and then announced that the committee would accept the advice of the board of health and keep the teachers at home. Therefore the school sessions were held on those two days as usual.

Needless to say many of the children were considerably disappointed. Many of the teachers, too, look forward to the trip to Providence for shopping and other purposes as well as for the sake of attending the sessions of the Institute. However, as there were two extra weeks of vacation in September, no one had any real cause for complaint.

The action of the board of health was taken merely as a precautionary measure. There are quite a number of cases of infantile paralysis in Providence, and the board wanted to take no chances of again introducing the disease into Newport. This city is now entirely free from the disease, but in other parts of Rhode Island, and in many places in Massachusetts it is still prevalent.

### Board of Aldermen.

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, considerable business was transacted. Weekly bills and payrolls were approved, and the balance due on the contract of Darling & Slade for the new John Clarke school was ordered paid. A petition for a gas street light on Everett street caused some discussion but was finally granted. The Carpenter's District Council asked that the firemen be prohibited from doing any carpenter work, but that such work be put out to contract. The communication was received. Henry J. Hines presented a claim for \$375 damages for the destruction of his wagon, harness and vegetables, the outfit being hit by the fire apparatus. A hearing on the petition was ordered for next Thursday evening. The Washington street improvement bonds were awarded to Merrill, O'Donnell & Co. of Boston at 100.179, they being the highest bidders.

John H. Holdt, assistant keeper of the Plum Island light in the West Passage, was found dead on the floor of the kitchen at the lighthouse on Tuesday. The discovery was made by Light-keeper Charles Ormby on his return to the house after a short vacation. Neighbors along the shore had noticed that the light did not burn with its usual brilliancy on the previous night.

Mrs. Henry C. Bacheiler died at her home on Washington street on Saturday, after having been in failing health a long time. Her husband had died less than three weeks previously. She was a daughter of the late George Faineau, and was well known throughout the city. She is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Sarah C. Rogers.

The Newport Horticultural Society has awarded to Mr. James Robertson its first-class certificate for a new seedling dahlia which he has named, "Mrs. Otis T. Chapman."

### A Quiet Campaign.

Thus far in Newport the campaign is a rather quiet one, for a Presidential election. Each party has held one rally, and the Republicans will have another one next Monday evening, followed by the annual dinner of the Young Men's Republican Club on Thursday evening. There has been no flag raising nor parade, although both these features have been a part of the campaign in other places, the old-fashioned torchlight parade having been revived in many cases. The unusual quiet in Newport is largely due to the fact that there are few local contests. None of the candidates for the House of Representatives are opposed, and the fight for Senator will probably not be a very hard one. However, apathy will be the greatest foe to meet on the Republican side, and it will behoove every voter to go to the polls and roll up a big vote for Governor Beekman and the Republican national ticket.

The city and surroundings have been well placarded with portraits and cards for various candidates, and considerable work is being done to stir up the voters. A special effort will be made on the Congressional ticket, where the only real fight will come. Congressman O'Shaunessy is attempting the district constantly in an effort to avert his defeat, which now seems likely. Senator Dixon, the Republican nominee, is making friends wherever he goes, and is especially strong in the northern part of the district. He has spoken once in Newport and will be heard here again before the campaign closes. If the Republican vote comes out on election day, there is little doubt that we shall have a Republican Congressman from this district.

The eleventh dinner of the Young Men's Republican Club will be held at Masonic Hall on Thursday evening next, and the usual good time is promised. Governor Beekman, Senator Fappitt, Senator Dixon, and many other prominent Republicans will attend, and there will be at least one speaker from out of the State. The contract for the dinner has been given to Muenchinger and he promises to put up a good one. The club has decided to cut out all the free tickets this year, so that everyone that attends will be expected to pay for his ticket, but as the dinner costs the club over a dollar a plate and the price of tickets is only fifty cents, there is no question but that each person will get his money's worth.

Mr. Guy Norman, the Republican nominee for State Senator, is planning a series of rallies of his own, to be held in each ward in the city, the first one taking place in Hibernian Hall on lower Thames street on Wednesday evening.

### Death Follows Fright.

Gustaf Ljungvall, a new member of the crew of the Brenton's Reef lightship, died on board the ship on Saturday. He had joined the ship just as the heavy storms of last week broke out and he was so completely terrorized that his mind gave way and his death followed.

He was a native of Sweden but had lived in Newport for a number of years, having been employed as a steamfitter by Barker Bros. & Co. He had no relatives in this country.

The board of aldermen will hold their final canvass of the voting lists next Thursday morning at 10.00 o'clock and at that time will order the removal from the voting lists of the names of those persons who have not paid their personal property taxes. Wednesday night will therefore be the last opportunity for paying these taxes in order to vote at the Presidential election. Tax Collector Higbee says that the taxes have been coming in well for the last few days, so that the final rush on Wednesday may not be as great as it is sometimes.

Mr. Walter E. Ranger, State Commissioner of Public Schools, has submitted to Chief Justice Johnson of the Supreme Court his decision in the case of Wallace R. Brown, deposed principal of the Colt High School in Bristol. There are several points of law involved in the decision, on which a ruling by the Chief Justice was desired before making public announcement in the case.

The Democratic city committee have filed with the Secretary of State the name of William Herbert Sisson as the nominee for Senator from Newport. Ex-Senator William P. Clarke positively declined the nomination and ordered his name stricken from the ballot.

Mrs. R. Hammett Tilley is very critically ill at the Newport Hospital. She had been ill for some weeks at her home on Bush street and was removed to the Hospital some days ago.

Mr. Bradford Gay observed his ninety-second birthday at his home on Ayrault street last Saturday. He is still hale and active and is able to be out daily.

### Fifth Ward Rally.

There was an interesting Republican rally in the Fifth Ward on Wednesday evening, when Mr. Guy Norman and Senator Ezra Dixon, explained the points of the campaign to the voters of that section at a meeting held in Hibernian Hall. There was a good attendance, and the audience showed much interest in the speeches. Mr. John Mahan, of the Republican city committee, presided and introduced the speakers.

Mr. Norman dwelt particularly upon naval matters which are of vital importance for Newport. He charged the Democratic administration with a lack of interest in the Narragansett Bay station and with diverting appropriations, which were much needed here, for the benefit of the Southern section of the country. He spoke of the establishment of the submarine base at New London, which was done for the purpose of capturing a few votes there at the expense of Newport. He also spoke of Newport's interest in State affairs, and promised to do all in his power for the benefit of the citizens of Newport if elected to the General Assembly.

Senator Dixon, the Republican nominee for Congress, made a favorable impression upon the audience. He also touched upon naval affairs and the neglect of the local station by the Democratic representative in Congress in allowing the appropriations to be reduced and the submarine base removed from this district. He paid considerable attention to the tariff, showing how the outbreak of the European war alone saved the country from a serious financial depression. A few questions were asked of the speakers at the close of the meeting.

Steps are being taken to straighten out the troubles in the Newport Naval Reserves which have nearly disrupted the company. Governor Beekman is giving his personal attention to the matter, in spite of the many demands upon his time, and hopes to be able to smooth out the differences between the local company and the State naval authorities. If this can be accomplished Lieutenant Voigt will probably withdraw his resignation, and the large number of members of the company who have asked for their discharges will also be induced to remain.

Dr. Henry H. Luther has been very seriously ill with pneumonia at his home on Broadway, but his condition now seems to be a little improved. It is believed that the crisis was passed on Thursday, and he had a fairly comfortable night that night, with a lower temperature Friday morning.

The old Police Station is now a thing of the past. The old building has been entirely torn down and the square is now open except for the foundation and excavation. The highway department has begun preparations for the laying of curb, and a much improved square will soon be in evidence.

The police department now has its "bureau of identification" working well. A finger print device has been installed and also a photographic room, so that the department is prepared to act promptly in securing an identification of professional criminals.

The brigade of Naval Apprentices from the Training Station had a long march on Wednesday, covering a large part of the city. The boys look very well this year, although there are not as many of them in line as in some previous years.

The Newport Cavalcade will have another practice march and drill at Ernst Voigt's Middletown farm next Sunday. Ten new names have been enrolled in the Cavalcade within the last few days and its future looks promising.

Owing to the serious illness of Mrs. R. Hammett Tilley, the birthday party of William Eltery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, has been indefinitely postponed.

The Hattub Brothers, proprietors of the American Ice Company, have purchased the valuable Spring wharf property from the Staples Coal Company of Fall River.

A number of Newporters went to Providence on Thursday to hear the speech of Charles E. Hughes, the Republican nominee for President.

The annual dinner of the business and professional men's class at the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium will be held next Monday evening.

The police raided a card game early Sunday morning and captured a supply of cards and chips, and inflicted fines on the players.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont are at White Sulphur Springs, where several other Newport families are spending a few weeks.

Colonel and Mrs. William J. Cozzens have returned from New York.

### Funeral of Ara Hildreth.

Funeral services for Ara Hildreth were held at the First Baptist John Clarke Memorial Church on Sunday and were attended by a large gathering. The remains were escorted from the residence to the church by Washington Commandery and St. John's Lodge, the line being headed by the Municipal Band. Seats were reserved in the church for the Masonic bodies and other organizations of which Mr. Hildreth was a member, and the large edifice was practically entirely filled. Rev. J. Andrew Jones preached a strong sermon on the life of Mr. Hildreth, and the choir sang several of his favorite selections.

The interment was in the Old Cemetery. The honorary bearers were Past Masters William Hamilton, Duncan McLean and William B. Scott of St. John's Lodge, and John P. Sanborn, Thomas I. Peckham, and Jeremiah W. Horton of St. Paul's Lodge. The body bearers were James S. Ramlose, Wallace C. Martland, and Omno L. Hinrichs of St. John's Lodge, and W. Thomas Holson, William Carry and W. Douglas Hazard of the Commandery. The Masonic ritual was conducted at the grave by Grand Master Wilbur A. Scott of Providence and W. Master John H. Brierley of St. John's Lodge.

The Grand Lodge of Masons of Rhode Island was represented by the Grand Master, Deputy Grand Master and several other grand officers, and the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters was represented by Grand Master William H. Langley and Grand Marshal Charles W. Cowles. The display of flowers was remarkably beautiful.

Mr. W. Goodby Loew of New York has purchased of Mrs. Linda Lee Thomas her property on Bellevue avenue, known as "Stoneacre," and will make that his summer residence in the future. This is a splendid piece of property and is taxed for \$113,000. The house was built by the late John W. Ellis but was purchased some years ago by Mr. Edward R. Thomas, who later transferred it to his former wife. Mrs. Thomas has not occupied the property lately, it having been rented for a number of years.

Last Saturday and Sunday collections were taken in this city for the benefit of the Armenian and Syrian sufferers and about \$1000 was raised. Mrs. Vart Kazanjian was the chairman of the committee and she worked indefatigably to carry it through. A number of young women sold tags on the streets on both days and raised a considerable sum in this way, while private contributions and collections in the churches helped out.

Mr. William H. Severance, town clerk of the Town of Jamestown, has purchased the real estate and insurance business conducted for many years by Mr. Charles E. Weeden. Mr. Severance has a wide familiarity with Jamestown real estate and should make a success of the business. Mr. Weeden will retire, and devote his time to the care of his own property.

The annual meeting of Aquidneck Chapter, No. 7, Order of the Eastern Star, will be held on Tuesday evening, November 7th. A dinner will be served previous to the meeting. The Grand Matron, Mrs. Henrietta C. H. Broadbent, Grand Patron Stephen H. Douglas, and Grand Marshal Bertha G. Haines, all of Woonsocket, are expected to be present.

Rev. William Safford Jones delivered a very interesting address on "Canada in Times of War" before the Women's Alliance on Monday afternoon. Mr. Jones has recently returned from his vacation, during which he spent considerable time in Canada and saw many interesting sights in connection with the war.

The ferryboat J. A. Saunders of the West Ferry went ashore on the north end of Dutch Island in a fog Wednesday morning and was forced to stay there all day. She was not badly damaged but will have to go into drydock for minor repairs. The ferryboat Narragansett is now running on the line.

The local amateur fishermen are enjoying splendid sport with the blackfish just now. The fish are running in large quantities and great numbers of them are caught every Sunday. Although results are obtained most anywhere along the shore, Beavertail is a favorite place.

A number of members of Washington Commandery went to Boston on Wednesday to attend the annual convocation of the Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Most of them made the trip by auto.

Governor and Mrs. R. Livingston Beekman and Colonel William P. Sheffield went to Hartford on Wednesday to attend the Hughes meeting there and to escort Mr. Hughes over into Rhode Island.

Mrs. Remington Ward is recuperating after an attack of pneumonia.

### Killed by Fall River Car

A car of the Bay State line on the way from Newport to Fall River Wednesday morning struck a wagon driven by Henry Sampson in Tiverton, inflicting injuries that resulted in the driver's death at the City Hospital in Fall River a few hours later. He was engaged in hauling stone from the crusher on the Main road in Tiverton and was coming out of the field when the electric car came along, the sound of the car being drowned by the noise from the crusher. The wagon was smashed into kindling and the driver was hurled for a considerable distance. Medical aid was summoned and he was hurried to the Fall River Hospital where he died in a short time.

The electric car was in charge of Motorman George B. Lockhart and Conductor John O'Brien. Considerable damage was done to the front of the car, but the passengers and crew escaped injury although considerably shaken up.

The remains of Lieutenant Norman Prince, who lost his life in the service of the French aviation corps, will probably not be brought back to this country for interment until after the close of the war. His father, Mr. Frederick H. Prince, is still too ill to be informed of his son's death.

The repaired pavement on Washington square is now open to traffic. The break in the water main some three weeks ago required the entire relaying of a large section of the pavement which meant considerable expense for the Water Company.

Mrs. E. B. Andrews is at the Davis villa, "The Reef," on Bateman's Point, where she will spend the winter. The house was occupied during the summer by Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Sayles of Pawtucket.

Dr. Seth DeBlasi is now acting Post Surgeon at Fort Adams, relieving the regular surgeon for work at other points. Dr. DeBlasi is a member of the Medical Reserve Corps of the army.

Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt is visiting Mrs. Cornelius V. Vanderbilt at "The Breakers."

### PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent.)

The corporation of St. Mary's Church met at the Rectory on Friday evening for a business meeting. Mr. Edward Army was elected a vestryman to take the place of N. Horace Peckham, deceased. The corporation, by a unanimous vote, asked Rev. Everett P. Smith, the rector to remain at St. Mary's Church, and he has accepted. Rev. Mr. Smith has been the minister in charge for the past year.

Mrs. John L. Simmons recently gave a dinner for the Birthday Club.

Mrs. S. A. Carter who has been spending the past two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Perry B. Anthony of Newport has returned to her home here.

Miss Kate L. Durfee is entertaining Miss Amelia Perry of Pawtucket.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chase who have been spending the summer at their farm on West Main Road have returned to their home at Quaker Hill. Mrs. John P. Chase who has been spending the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Rufus Bennett of East Bridgewater has returned here and is with her son, Arthur Chase and Mrs. Chase.

Mrs. Elizabeth Knowe of New Bedford has been visiting here.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dennis have closed their summer place here and returned to their home in Providence.

Mrs. Florida May who has been spending the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Oscar Miller is now guest of Mrs. L. A. Popple at Bristol Ferry.

Mr. James Austin Peckham has been spending the week with his uncle, Col. Howard R. Peckham.

Mr. Colby Mitchell is at Mrs. L. A. Popple's.

Mrs. Andrew Durfee and her two children of Tiverton have been spending several days with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Brayton.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Spooner with Mrs. Elmer Coggeshall of Newport motored to Wallom Lake recently to visit Mr. Elmer Coggeshall who is a patient at the Sanitarium there.

Mr. Dalton Thurston who has been in Kansas for several months has returned to his home here. While in Kansas Mr. Thurston met with a serious accident which necessitated the amputation of one foot. He is now able to be about on crutches, but made the journey here alone.

About 40 were in attendance at the Friends' Church at the regular meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society. Considerable work was done in the afternoon. A quahog supper was served.

Rev. Robert Bachman, Jr., rector of St. Paul's Church, has been visiting in New York.

Mrs. Parker Faulkner of Attleboro is visiting Mrs. Robert Wyatt. Mrs. Wyatt entertained Miss Kate L. Durfee early in the week.

Mrs. William C. Wheeler and Mrs. Frank W. Wheeler who have been visiting Mrs. George Kenans of Philadelphia have returned to their homes at Bristol Ferry.

Mrs. Alice N. Brayton and Miss Violetta Yeave have returned from a trip which included Norfolk, Baltimore and

Washington and Westfield, Mass., where they spent a week with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Lawton.

There was a fair attendance at the Hallow E'en Supper and sale in the Methodist Church on Tuesday evening, by the Helping Hand Society. The room was prettily decorated in an appropriate manner, black cats and pumpkins being used in abundance. The tables were decorated with bouquets and candelabra while at each place was a paper pumpkin. The crepe paper napkins were very attractive. Mrs. William Spooner, Mrs. Vincent Coggeshall and Miss Edna M. Brophy served, assisted by Mrs. Andrew J. Durfee, Mrs. Everett Cornell, Miss Emily Pierce, Miss Elizabeth Rose, Miss Florence Howell and Miss Martha Ashley.

Mrs. William F. Brayton and Mrs. Robert Downe were in charge of the cake table, and Mrs. Gordon MacDonald of the pie table. Mrs. Sidney T. Heddy sold fancy-work, Mrs. Martha Ashley souvenirs and post-cards. Mrs. Ralph Freeborn sold ice cream tickets and supper-tickets and Mr. William F. Brayton served ice-cream.

### MIDDLETOWN.

(From our regular correspondent.)

The annual meeting of the Women's Home Missionary Society was held on Tuesday at the parlors of the M. E. Church and was well attended. The president, Mrs. Fred P. Webber, was in charge. Mrs. Ellen E. Smith, Mrs. Walter S. Barker, and Miss Sadie E. Peckham, as a nominating committee, presented the following list of officers which was unanimously accepted: President, Mrs. Webber; First Vice President, Mrs. John Nicholson; 2d Vice President, Mrs. Rowland Fry; Treasurer, Mrs. Abram A. Brown; Recording Secretary, Miss Sadie E. Peckham; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Isaac Peabody; Superintendent of Temperance, Mrs. Clara B. Grinnell; Superintendent of Literature, Mrs. Fred Smith; Program Committee, Mrs. Walter P. Buck, Mrs. Walter S. Barker, and Miss Amy Barker. The afternoon's program, entitled, "Work Among the Negroes," was presented by Mrs. Smith. A small box is to be packed by the Society and forwarded by Mrs. Buck to the Browning Home at Camden, S. C., which Mrs. Buck says is considered "the foster child of the New England Southern Conference." Mrs. Buck gave much interesting information about the Homes and the various workers of prominence connected with them. In conclusion Miss Peckham conducted the monthly Enigmas. In November, an open meeting will be held, and young people are to be especially invited as the speaker will be Mrs. Jerome Greer of Centerville, R. I., secretary of the young peoples work of the New England Southern Conference of which Mrs. Buck is president.

The Aquidneck Dairymen's Association held a preliminary meeting on Monday evening at the town hall to discuss the advisability of purchasing grain in quantities at the present high prices. They also are considering raising the price of milk. These matters will be more definitely taken up on Friday evening when a large gathering is expected. Under the auspices of Aquidneck Grange, Mr. Russell Morgan Peckham and Miss Agnes Murphy, Committee, a public "barn dance" will be given at the town hall on Friday evening of next week, November 3d. Surprise features are promised in the way of decorations, and those attending are requested to come in the real old-fashioned country style, overalls, colored shirts, and straw hats, for the men, and calico dresses and sunbonnets for the women.

Mr. Fred P. Webber has been appointed superintendent of the Sunday School at the M. E. Church to succeed Mr. Rowland Fry, who resigned. Mr. William J. Peckham was chosen as an assistant.

Rev. Walter P. Buck attended on Monday and Tuesday, the Providence District Ministerial Association at Brockton, Mass.

The "T. H. Club," whose members devote two evenings a month to work on surgical dressings, have resumed their meetings for the winter. The women are accompanied by their husbands who generally spend a social evening with cards. This week, the hostess, Mrs. Nathan Smith, served a chicken salad supper.

The Middletown Women's Christian Temperance Union was represented at the Island District Convention held at Jamestown on Wednesday by its president, Mrs. Lizzie Wyatt, and its former president, now the secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Clara B. Grinnell. Mrs. Grinnell conducted the opening devotions at the morning session.

The Middletown public schools were not closed this week on Thursday and Friday owing to the decision of the School Committee, all of whom were unanimously in favor of running no risks by sending their teachers to the annual Teachers' Institute since there are 17 cases of infantile paralysis in Providence.

Miss Josephine Fiske, superintendent of the Deaconess Home Providence, and an aunt of the previous pastor, Rev. E. F. Wells, will speak on Sunday afternoon at the Methodist Episcopal Church in the interest of the work.

The Junior Epworth League, which held its weekly meeting Saturday afternoon at the Methodist parsonage, is discussing plans for a public stereopticon lecture to be held at the M. E. Church. The date has not been definitely settled.

The weekly meeting of the Oliphant Club was held with Miss Charlotte A. Chase. Her program was entitled, "Laborer with Wilfred T. Grenfell M. D."

Mrs. Howard G. Peckham will entertain the Paradise Club on next Wednesday at her home on Paradise avenue, and Mrs. B. W. H. Peckham will conduct the subject, "Game Animals of America."



## CHAPTER XVI

## Capitulation.

Grimly Whitaker sat himself down in the kitchen and prepared to wait the reappearance of his wife—prepared to wait as long as life was in him, so that he were there to welcome her when, her paroxysm over, she would come to him to be comforted, soothed and reasoned out of her distorted conception of her destiny.

He pondered the situation for hours then he rose, ascended the stairs, tapped gently on the locked door.

"Mary," he called, with his heart in his mouth—"Mary!"

Her answer was instant, in accents sweet, calm and clear.

The breathless seconds spun their golden web of minutes. They did not move. Round them the silence sang like the choir of seraphim.

"I am all right. I'm resting, dear, and thinking. Don't fret about me. When I feel able, I will come down to you."

"As you will," he assented, unspeakably relieved; and returned to the kitchen.

Sunset interrupted his thoughts—sunset and his wife. Sounds of someone moving quietly round the kitchen, a soft clash of dishes, the rattling of the grate, drew him back to the door.

She showed him a face of calm restraint and implacable resolve.

"Hugh"—her voice had found a new, sweet level of gentleness and strength—"I just wanted to tell you how sorry I am. I've let you go without your lunch."

"Well," he admitted with a short laugh, "I'm famished!"

She paused, regarding him with her whimsical, indulgent smile. "You strange creature!" she said softly. "Are you angry with me—impatient—for this too facile descent from heroics to the commonplace? Be patient with me, dear."

But, alarmed by his expression, her words stumbled and ran out. She stepped back a pace, a little flushed and tremulous.

"Hugh! No, Hugh, no!"

"Don't be afraid of me," he said, turning away. "I don't mean to bother. Only—at times—"

"I know, dear; but it must not be," she said.

"Shall you make a fire again to-night?" she asked, when they had concluded the meal.

"In three places," he said. "We'll not stay another day for want of letting people know we're here. I'll go now. When you are ready—I"

"I shan't be long," she said.

When it was quite dark, Whitaker brought a lantern to the door and called her, and they went forth together.

As he had promised, he had built up three towering pyres, widely apart. When all three were in full roaring flame, their illumination was hot and glowing over all the upland. It seemed impossible that the world should not now become cognizant of their distress.

At some distance to the north of the greatest fire—that nearest the farm-house—they sat as on the previous night, looking out over the black and unresponsive waters, communing together in under-tones.

In that hour they learned much of one another; much that had seemed strange and questionable assumed, in the understanding of each, the complexion of the normal and right. Whitaker spoke at length and in much detail of his Willful Missing years without seeking to excuse the wrong-minded reasoning which had won him his own consent to live under the mask of death. He told of the motives that had prompted his return, of all that had happened since in which she had had no part—with a single reservation. One thing he kept back; the time for that was not yet.

A listener in his turn, he heard the history of the little girl of the Commercial House breaking her heart against the hardness of life in what at first seemed utterly futile endeavor to live by her own efforts, asking nothing more of the man who had given her his name.

He learned of the coming of Max, his interest in her, the indefatigable pains he had expended coaching her to bring out the latent ability his own genius divined; of the initial performance of "Joan Thursday" before a meager and indifferent audience, her instant triumph and subsequent conquest of the country in half a dozen widely dissimilar roles; finally of her decision to leave the stage when she married, for reasons comprehensible, demanding neither exposition nor defence.

"It didn't matter any longer," she commented, concluding. "I loved and I hated it. It was deadly and it was glorious. But it no longer matters. It is finished; Sara Law is no more."

"You mean never to go back to the stage?"

"Never."

"And yet—be honest, Hugh."

"Never!" She said, firmly.

"But you are a woman of the theatre. If you are not, you are not a woman."

"I think it is you who must be honest to yourself, dear."

"I think," she announced, "we'd better go in."

She rose without assistance, moved away toward the house, paused and returned.

"Hugh," she said gently, with a quiver in her voice that wounded him in himself; for he was sure it spelled laughter at his expense and well-merited—"Hugh, you big sulky boy! get up this instant and come back to the house with me. You know I'm right. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"I suppose so," he grumbled, rising. "I presume it's childish to want the moon—and sulk when you find you can't have it."

"Or a star?"

He made no reply; but his very silence was eloquent. They entered the kitchen.

"Something'll have to be done; if they won't help us, we'll have to help ourselves."

"Hugh!" There was alarm in her tone. He looked up quickly. "Hugh, what are you thinking of?"

"Oh—nothing. But I've got to think of something."

She came nearer, intuitively alarmed and pleading. "Hugh, you wouldn't leave me here alone?"

"Don't be afraid," he said evasively.

"I'll be here—as always—when you wake up."

She disappeared; the light of her lamp faded, flickering in the draught of the hall, stencilled the wall with its evanescent caricature of the balustrade, and was no longer visible.

"Hugh!" her voice rang from the upper floor.

He started violently out of deep abstraction, and replied inquiringly.

"You won't forget to lock the door?"

He swore violently beneath his breath; controlled his temper and responded pleasantly. "Certainly not."

Then he shut the outside door with a concluding bang.

"If this be marriage . . . !" He smiled at his twisted smile.

Leaving the kitchen light turned low, he went to his own room and, as on the previous night, threw himself upon the bed without undressing; but this time with no thought of sleep. Indeed, he had no expectation of closing his eyes in slumber before the next night, at the earliest; he had no intention other than to attempt to swim to the nearest land.

An hour dragged out its weary length, and the half of another. He rose, with infinite precaution against making any noise.

Slowly, on tiptoes, Whitaker stole toward the door, out into the hall, took a single step on toward the kitchen; and then, perceiving suddenly the absolute stillness within the house, a board squeaked like an animal beneath his tread.

In an instant he heard the thud and patter of her footsteps above, her loud, quickened breathing as she leaned over the balustrade, looking down, and her cry of dismay. "Hugh! Hugh!"

He halted, saying in an even voice: "Yes, it is I." She had always seen him; there was no use trying to get away without her knowledge now; besides, he was no sneak-thief to fly from a cry. He burned with resentment, impatience and indignation, but he waited stolidly enough while the woman flew down the stairs to his side.

"Hugh," she demanded, white-faced and trembling. "What is the matter? Where are you going?"

He moved his shoulders uneasily, forcing a short laugh. "I daresay you've guessed it. Undoubtedly you have. Else why—" He didn't finish save by a gesture of resignation.

"You mean you were going—to try to swim to the mainland?"

"I meant to try it," he confessed.

"I should have known!" she declared passionately. "I was asleep, but I knew the instant you stirred."

"It must be done," he muttered.

"But it must not be done! Hugh!" Her voice ascended. "I—I can't let you. I won't let you! You . . . It'll be your death—you'll drown. I shall have let you go to your death—"

"Oh, now, really—" he protested.

"But, Hugh, I know it! I feel it here." A hand strayed to rest, fluttering, above her heart. "If I should let you go . . . Oh, my dear one, don't, don't go!"

"Mary," he began hoarsely. "I tell you—"

"You're only going, Hugh, because . . . because I love you so I . . . I am afraid to let you love me. That's true, isn't it? Hugh—it's true?"

He mumbled an almost inaudible avowal of his intention.

"Hugh, you're killing me! If you love me—"

He gave a gesture of despair and capitulation.

"I've done my best, Mary. I meant to do the right thing. I—"

"Hugh, you mean you won't go?" Joy from a surcharged heart rang vibrant in every syllable uttered in that nervous voice.

But now he dared meet her eyes. "Yes," he said. "I won't go!" nodding, with an apologetic shadow of his twisted smile. "I can't if . . . It depends upon—"

"Oh, my dear, my dear!"

Whitaker started, staggered with amazement, and the burden of his wife in his arms. Her own arms clapped him close. Her fragrant, tear-remmed face brushed his. He knew at last the warmth of her sweet mouth, the dear madness of that first caress.

Then through the magical hush of that time when the world stood still, the thin, clear vibrations of a distant hall.

"Alas—"

In his embrace his wife stiffened and lifted her head to listen like a startled fawn.

"Listen!" He held up his hand.

This time it rang out more near and most unmistakable:

"Alas! The house, alas!"

With the frenzied leap of a madman, Whitaker flung out into the dim, silvery witchery of the night. He stood staring, while the girl stole to his side and caught his arm. He passed it round her, lifted the other hand, dumbly pointed toward the northern beach. For the moment he could not trust himself to speak.

In the sweep of the anchorage a small, white yacht hovered ghostlike. On the beach itself a small boat was drawn up. A figure in white waited near it, rising over the brow of the uplands moved two other figures in white and one in darker clothing, the latter leading the way at a rapid pace. As they drew together, the leader of the landing party checked his pace and called:

"Hello there! Who are you? What's the meaning of your fires?"

Mechanically Whitaker's lips uttered the beginning of the response: "Shipwrecked—signalling for help—"

"Whitaker!" the voice of the other interrupted with a jubilant shout. "Thank God we've found you!"

It was Ember.

## CHAPTER XVII

## Disappearance.

Seldom, perhaps, has a habitation been so unceremoniously vacated as was the solitary farmhouse on that isolated island. Whitaker delayed only long enough to place a bill, borrowed from Ember, on the kitchen table, in payment for what provisions they had consumed, and to extinguish the lamps and shut the door.

Ten minutes later he occupied a chair beneath an awning on the after deck of the yacht, and, with a blessed cigar fuming in the grip of his teeth, stared back to where their rock of refuge was swiftly blending into a small dark blur upon the face of the waters.

"Ember," he demanded querulously, "what the devil is that place?"

"You didn't know?" Ember asked, amused. "It is No Man's Land."

"I'm strong for its sponsors in baptism. And the other—?"

"Murtha's Vineyard. That's Gay head—the headland with the light-house. Off to the north of it, the Elizabeth Islands. If we're lucky, we'll be at anchor off East Twenty-fourth street by blue o'clock tomorrow morning. Any sick coming?"

"Not for me. You might better consult—my wife," said Whitaker with an embarrassed laugh. "Look here: I've told you how things were with us, in brief; but I'm hanged if you've disgorged a single word of explanation as to how you managed to find us."

"He didn't slip through my fingers," Ember retorted. "He launched a young earthquake at my devoted head and disappeared before the dust settled. I came to some time later with a gag in my mouth, handcuffs on my wrists, behind my back, and rope round my legs. Midnight the following night, the owner happened along and let me loose."

"It was easy enough to surmise Drummond had some pal or other working with him—I was slung-shot from behind, while Drummond was walking ahead. And two men had worked in the kidnapping of Mrs. Whitaker. So I went slithering; traced you as far as Sag Harbor. There I lost you—and there I borrowed this outfit from a friend, an old-time client of mine. We kept cruising, looking up unlikely places. And, at that, we were on the point of throwing up the sponge when I picked up a schooner that reported signal fires on No Man's Land. . . . I think that clears everything up."

"Yes," said Whitaker sleepily.

And so strong was his need of sleep that it was not until ten o'clock the following morning, when the yacht lay at her mooring in the East river, that Ember succeeded in rousing him by main strength and good-will.

His wife had gone ashore an hour ago, after refusing to listen to a suggestion that Whitaker be disturbed. The note Ember handed him was brief, but in Whitaker's sight eminently adequate and compensating.

Dearest Boy: I won't let them wake you, but I must run away. It's early and I must do some shopping before people are about. My love to you here is closed; Mrs. Secretan is in Maine with the only keys aside from those at Great West Bay; and I'm a positive fright in a coat and skirt borrowed from the stewardess. I don't want even you to see me until I'm decently dressed. I shall put up at the Waldorf; come there tonight, and we will dine together. Every fiber of my being loves you.

Whitaker took a serene and shining face to the breakfast in the saloon, under the eyes of Ember. Toward noon they parted ashore, each taking a taxi to his lodgings. The understanding was that they were to dine together—all three, Whitaker promising for his wife upon the morrow.

At six that evening, returning to his rooms to dress, Whitaker found another note waiting for him, in a handwriting that his heart recognized with a sensation of wretched apprehension. He comprehended its contents with difficulty, half blinded by a swimming mist of foreboding.

My Dearest: I find my strength unequal to the strain of being your bright, ideal. I am so worn out and nerve-racked that I have had to consult my physician. He orders me immediately to a sanatorium, to rest for a week or two. Don't worry about me. I shan't fail to let you know as soon as I feel strong enough to

see you. I love you so dearly, MARY.

The paper slipped from Whitaker's trembling hand and fluttered unheeded to the floor. He sprang to the telephone and presently had the Waldorf on the wire; it was true, he learned; Mrs. Whitaker had registered at the hotel in the morning, and had left at four in the afternoon. He was refused information as to whether she had left a forwarding address for her mail.

He wrote her immediately, and perhaps not altogether wisely, under stress of distraction, sending the letter by special delivery in care of the hotel. It was returned him in due course of time, embellished with pencilled memorandum to the effect that Mrs. Whitaker had left no address.

He communicated at once with Ember, promptly enlisting his willing services. But after several days of earnest investigation the detective confessed himself baffled.

"If you ask me," he commented at the conclusion of his report, "the answer is she means to be let alone until she's quite ready to see you again."

Whitaker raged. "She—she loved me there on the island. She couldn't change so quickly, bring herself to treat me so cruelly, unless some infernal influence had been brought to bear upon her."

"It's possible, but I—"

"Oh, I don't mean that foolishness about her love being a man's death warrant. That may have something to do with it, but—but I conquered that once. . . . No; somebody has got hold of her, worked on her sympathies, maligned me. . . ."

"Do you object to telling me whom you have in mind?"

"The man you suspect as well as I—the one man to whom her allegiance means everything—the man you named to me the night we met for the first time, as the one who'd profit the most by keeping her from leaving the stage!"

"Well, if it's Max, you'll know in time."

"I'll know before long. As soon as he gets back in town—"

"So you've been after him?"

"Why not? But he's out on the Pacific coast; or so they tell me at the theatre. Expected back about the middle of July—they say in his office."

"Then that lets him out."

"But it's a lie."

"Well—I"

"I've just remembered: Max was at the Fiske place, urging her to return, the night before you caught Drummond at the bungalow. I saw them, walking up and down in front of the cottage, arguing earnestly; I could tell by her bearing she was refusing whatever he proposed. But I didn't know her then, and naturally I never connected Max with the fellow I saw, disguised in a motoring coat and cap. Neither of 'em had any place in my thoughts that night."

Ember uttered a thoughtful "Oh!" adding: "There may be something in what you say—suspect, that is. If I agree to keep an eye on him, will you promise to give me a free hand?"

"Meaning—?"

"Keep out of Max's way; don't risk a wrangle with him."

"Oh—go ahead—to blazes—as far as you like."

"Thanks," Ember dryly wound up the conference; "but these passing flirtations with your present-day temper leave me with no hankering for greater warmth."

Days ran steadily on into weeks, and these into a month. Nothing happened. Max did not return; the whispered rumor played wildfire in theatrical circles that the eccentric manager had encountered financial difficulties insuperable. The billboards flanking the entrance to the Theatre Max continued to display posters announcing the reopening early in September with a musical comedy by Tyson Dodd; but the comedy was not even in rehearsal by September 13.

Ember went darkly about his various business duties, taciturn—even a truce more than ever reserved in his conversation with Whitaker—preoccupied, but constant in his endeavor to enlighten the desponding husband.

Mary Whitaker made no sign. Now and then Whitaker would lose patience and write to her. He received not a line of acknowledgment.

Sometimes, fretted to a frenzy, he sought out Ember and made wild and unreasonable demands upon him. These falling of any effect other than the resigned retort, "I am a detective, not a miracle-monger," he would fly into desperate, gnawing, black rages that made Ember fear for his sanity and self-control and caused him to be haunted by that gentleman for hours—once or twice for days—until he resumed his normal poise of a sober and civilized man. He was, however, not often aware of this seditious espionage.

## CHAPTER XVIII

## Temperamental.

September waned and October dawned in grateful coolness: an exquisite month of crisp nights and enlivening days, of mellowing sunlight and early gleamings tenderly colored. Country houses were closed and theaters reopened. Then suddenly the town blossomed overnight with huge eight-sheet posters on every available boarding, blazoning the news:

JULES MAX  
begs to announce the return of  
SARA LAW  
in a new Comedy entitled "Faith"  
by JULES MAX

Theater MAX—Friday October 18th

But Whitaker had the information before he saw the broadsides in the streets. The morning paper propped up on his breakfast table contained the illuminating note under the caption, "News of Plays and Players":

Jules Max has sprung another and perhaps the greatest surprise on the theatrical public of this city. The astute manager has been out of town for two months, sorely regretted, in a new comedy entitled "Faith," of which he is the author and in which Sara Law will return finally to the stage. Additional interest attaches to this announcement in

view of the fact that Miss Law has authorized the publication of her intention never again to retire from the stage.

The opening performance of "Faith" will take place at the Theatre Max tomorrow evening, Friday, October 18.

Whitaker glanced up incredulously at the date line of the sheet. Short notice, indeed: the date was Thursday, October 14. Max had planned his game and had played his cards cunningly, in withholding this announcement until the last instant.

After a pause Whitaker rose and began to walk the length of the room, hands in his pockets, head bowed in thought.

Search as he would, he could discover no rankling indignation, nothing but some self-content, that he had allowed himself to be so carried away by infatuation for an ignoble woman, and a cynic humor that made it possible for him to derive a certain satisfaction from contemplating the completeness of this final revelation of herself. Returning to the breakfast table, he took up the paper, turned to the shipping news, and ran his eye down the list of scheduled sailings; nothing for Friday; his pick of half a dozen boats listed to sail Saturday.

The telephone enabled him to make a hasty reservation on the biggest and fastest of them all.

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He had just concluded that business and was waiting with his hand on the receiver to call up Ember and announce his departure, when the doorbell interrupted. Expecting the waiter to remove the breakfast things, he went to the door, threw it open, and turned back instantly to the telephone.

As his fingers closed around the receiver a second time, he looked round and saw his wife.

His hand fell to his side. Otherwise he did not move. But his glance was that of one incuriously comprehending the existence of a stranger.

The woman met it fairly and fearlessly, with her head high and her lips touched with a trace of her shadowy, illegible smile. She was dressed for walking, very prettily and perfectly.

After a moment she inclined her head slightly. "The hallboys said you were busy on the telephone. I insist—"

He . . . Turned and Saw His Wife.

ed on counting directly up. I wish very much to see you for a few moments. Do you mind?"

"By no means," he said, a little stiffly but quite calmly. "If you will be good enough to come in—"

He stood against the wall to let her pass.

"I had to come this morning," she explained, turning. "This afternoon we have a rehearsal . . ."

He bowed an acknowledgment. "Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you." Seated, she subjected him to a quick, open appraisal, disarming in its naive honesty.

"Ting . . . aren't you a bit thinner?"

"I believe so." He had a match for that impertinence. "But you, I see, have come off without a blemish."

"I am very well," she admitted, unperturbed. Her glance embraced the room. "You're very comfortable here."

"I have been."

"I hope that doesn't mean I'm in the way."

"To the contrary; but I sail day after tomorrow for Australia."

"Oh! That's very sudden, isn't it? You don't seem to have done any packing. Or perhaps you mean to come back before a great while?"

"I shan't come back, ever."

"Must I believe you made up your mind this morning?"

"I have only just read the announcement of your opening tomorrow night."

"Then . . . I am driving you out of the country?"

Her look was impersonal and curious.

His shoulders moved negligently. "Not to rant about it," he replied. "I find I am not needed here."

"Oh, dear!" Her lips formed a fugitive, petulant moue. "And it's my fault?"

"There's no use minding matters, is there? I am not heartbroken, and if I am bitterly disappointed I don't care to—in fact I lack the ability to dramatize it."

"You are taking it well, Hugh?" said she, critical.

Expressionless, he waited an instant before replying pointedly: "Well?"

Deliberately laying aside her light muff, her scarf and handbag, she rose; equality of poise was impossible if he would persist in standing. She moved a little









## GREAT BRIDGE IS BLOWN UP

Prevents Teutons' Immediate Invasion of Old Roumania

### MACKENSEN'S ARMIES HALTED

Only a Few Roumanian Detachments Crossed the Danube, the Main Body Keeping in Touch With Troops That Evacuated Constanta—Attempts by Germans to Regain Verdun Ground

London, Oct. 27.—The victorious sweep of Mackensen's armies into Dobruja has been checked, at least temporarily, official dispatches from Berlin, Sofia, Petrograd and Bucharest say.

The Roumanians have blown up the twelve-mile King Carol bridge over the Danube at Cornovaia, the greatest bridge in Europe, thus blocking an immediate invasion of old Roumania. The German war office, announcing this fact, declared it evidenced Roumanian's fear of a German sweep toward Bucharest.

The German statement claimed further progress in the Dobruja operations, but mentioned no fresh captures. This corroborated the Petrograd statement that Mackensen's offensive is slackening.

A delayed official statement from the Bulgarian war office announced the capture of a huge amount of booty at Constantza, but claimed no further victories.

Only a few Roumanian detachments, official advices indicate, retreated across the river before the German bridgehead fell into Mackensen's hands. The main body of enemy troops fell back to the northward, keeping in touch with the troops that evacuated Constantza, the only course possible to prevent the Constantza force from being surrounded and captured.

By the capture of Cornovaia, Field Marshal Mackensen's army completely turned the military situation in Dobruja in our favor," the military critic of the Berlin semi-official news agency asserted.

In the house of commons Premier Asquith gave further assurance that the allies were directing their anxious attention to the Roumanian situation. He said that concerted action is being arranged and that France, Russia and Italy, as well as England, are taking every possible step to restore the Roumanians.

Again the Germans have delivered counter-attacks, four in number, against the newly won French positions at Douaumont, in the region of Verdun, but, like all their efforts since the big French drive of August, they were successfully withstood. Similarly a violent attack against the British was put down.

In the wooded region of the Carpathian mountains, the Germans carried assaults against the Russians, but, according to Petrograd, their efforts failed. In Volhynia the Russians, without previous artillery preparation, attempted to storm with infantry a German position. The German artillery, however, broke up the attack.

Two villages southwest of Lake Scutari, on the Macedonian front, have been captured by the French. Elsewhere in this theatre the fighting is being done mainly by the artillery, although there is still infantry activity in the Corna river region. The Austrians are pouring an intense artillery fire on the Italian position at Gorizia.

### SHOT AT DINNER TABLE

Life of Prims Minister of Austria Is Instantly Snuffed Out

Vienna, Oct. 25.—Count Karl Burggraf, the Austrian premier, was shot and killed while at dinner by Fritz Adler, editor of a Vienna newspaper.

He was dining at the Hotel Metel when the editor attacked him. Three shots were fired, all of which entered his head, the premier dying instantly.

The assassination of Stierghis was purely political and was induced by his refusal to convene parliament, according to the admission of Adler, shortly after his arrest.

Stierghis was one of the most distinguished and revered statesmen in Austria-Hungary. He had at no time taken any part in the affairs of his nation except in purely domestic matters.

Accused Lawyer a Suicide

New York, Oct. 25.—Facing criminal prosecution on many counts charged by clients, Henry M. Schutt, a supposedly wealthy lawyer, ended his life by jumping from a window.

Miss Willia Mustered Out

Wash. D. C., Oct. 26.—The Secretary of War, who returned from the Mexican border two days ago, announced that the federal army has been mustered out.

Woman Convicted in the Toile

Mass., Oct. 27.—A woman, arrested here for the murder of her husband, was convicted of the crime and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Woman Peace Officer

New York, Oct. 27.—A woman, who had been a member of the peace officer corps, was discharged from service.

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## BORDER PLOT IS UNEARTHED

Raid on American Forces or American Community

### WASHINGTON GETS THE NEWS

Perishing and Fugitive Forewarned and in Readiness to Meet Any Attack—Considered Effort to Create Excitement Against Administration's Mexican Policy—Baker's Statement

Washington, Oct. 27.—Secretary Baker issued the following statement last night:

"The war department has received confidential information, confirmed from other sources, that enemies of the administration's policy toward Mexico, in co-operation with Villa or other bandits in Mexico, have arranged a spectacular attack to be made either upon some part of the American forces or upon some American community on the border between now and the date of the election, for the purpose of turning the tide of sentiment against the policy which the administration has adopted for the protection of the border.

"It is significant in this connection that both the state and war departments were advised that the bandit forces operating at the present time in Mexico are being paid in silver coin.

"Full particulars have been transmitted to General Fanning and General Pershing. All American forces are, therefore, forewarned and in readiness for such an attack."

A report brought to the border by Americans arriving from Mexico said the bandits were close to Pershing's advance posts, and had demanded the retirement toward the border and eventual withdrawal of the American troops under penalty of attack. No confirmation was received by the war department.

The nature of the warnings reported sent to Fanning and Pershing were not disclosed. It is assumed here, however, that the war department relies wholly on the discretion of the officers to safeguard their commands and the border towns and hamlets from attack.

A more optimistic view of the situation in northern Chihuahua was taken as the result of reports that the Carranza garrison at Chihuahua City had been reinforced by 2000 men and that a formidable campaign against the bandits was about to be launched.

Army officers have been inclined to doubt vague reports that the bandits might attack Pershing's forces. They believe that the Mexican outlaws would not willingly chance a clash with the troops of the American expedition, particularly as the American cavalry is mounted on seasoned, well fed horses, which would be certain to overtake the battered mounts of the raiders if a pursuit was ordered, as it certainly would be.

The importance of the fact that the bandits are said to have been paid recently in silver rests on the fact that heretofore even Carranza soldiers have been paid in paper money, the daily pay being the equivalent of about 4 cents American gold.

Only the most fortunate families in Mexico, it has been reported, have been able to pay for their supplies in silver coin, and if the bandits are now being paid in metal, it will seem like wealth for them, for which they might be willing to take any risk.

### BETTING IS EVEN

Wilson Pulls Up as Favorite on New York Stock Exchange

New York, Oct. 25.—For the first time since the campaign began, President Wilson was quoted at even money when several bets of varying sizes were placed on the stock exchange.

The price marks the steady growth of the speculative sentiment in favor of the present occupant of the White House as a candidate for re-election, and it is predicted in Wall street that he will become a distinct favorite in the betting before the week is out.

Women Want Baker Removed

Washington, Oct. 24.—Indignant over his recent utterances, the resignation of Secretary of War Baker has been demanded by the executive officers of the Daughters of the American Revolution and ten other women's patriotic societies.

Newspaper For Episcopalians

St. Louis, Oct. 27.—A weekly publication, based on newspaper rather than on magazine lines, will be started by the Protestant Episcopal church on Jan. 1. This will be the first step in an attempt to preach the Gospel through the press.

Flour at \$10 Wholesale

Chicago, Oct. 26.—The wholesale price of high grade family flour was advanced to \$10 a barrel here, the highest price since the Civil war. This is an increase of 30 cents within two days.

Artist Chase Passes Away

New York, Oct. 27.—William M. Chase, one of the most famous American painters and teachers of art, died at his home here in his 65th year.

Great Mail by Roberts

New York, Oct. 26.—Between 10 and 12 million letters were sent by mail yesterday, the highest number since the Civil war.

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## HIGHLY ORGANIZED WHITE SLAVE BAND

Said to Be Operating in Many Parts of New England

Providence, Oct. 27.—Police who have had a dragnet net for the slavers of Coolidge 11 N. Main, said to be members of a white slave system, expect several arrests.

The murder of El Nuncio revealed the existence of a band of slavers operating in many parts of New England. Clues have led detectives through Boston's underworld and the vice dens of New England as far north as Portland, Me.

But so thoroughly is the system organized that the fugitives have been kept constantly supplied with money from the heads of the band and able to keep under cover.

In the search missing girls have been sought, but not found. From police headquarters came the tip that action was coming within a few hours.

### BUILDING COLLAPSES

Strikes Two Others and All Become a Mass of Wreckage

Boston, Oct. 27.—With a roar and a tremor that shook surrounding territory for blocks, a five-story brick building in process of reconstruction at 23 to 27 Portland street collapsed last night, the floors shot across the roof of a one-story structure adjoining, battered the side of a third four-story building with a terrific impact and the whole mass of material from the three buildings poured into Portland street, a twisted mass of debris.

Although narrow escapes were many and 200 feet of Portland street was covered from sidewalk to sidewalk in a hail of flying steel beams and bricks, the efforts of the firemen and policemen, who worked in treacherous haste, brought to light on one who had been hurt.

The buildings on either side of the wreck were "tipped" and their occupants were ordered out for safety. The damage is estimated at close to \$100,000 by police and fire officials.

### INSURANCE RATES DROP

Shipping Circles Think Danger From Submarines Has Passed

Boston, Oct. 25.—Additional reports that the U-53 has been sunk reached this port upon the arrival of the British steamship Hochelaga, from Louisburg, C. B., Captain Tudor stating that persistent rumors were current there that the German undersea craft was sent to the bottom by the Canadian patrol boat Stanley. In any event, the scare is over, for marine insurance rates have dropped to normal.

On the day after the U-53 created such havoc off Nantucket, when five big steamships were sent to the bottom, rates jumped 5 percent. A week afterward, when the British admiral allowed steamships to sail from Atlantic ports for Europe, there was a decrease of 2 percent. Yesterday's reduction brings back to the preceding figures the entire advance.

### AN UNUSUAL CATCH

School of Blackfish Expected to Yield \$3000 Worth of Oil

Orleans, Mass., Oct. 25.—Three hundred blackfish, the blubber monsters from the heads of which valuable watch oil is extracted, were captured here by fishermen who surrounded the big school in boats and drove them ashore.

The 300 carcasses, weighing from a half ton to three tons apiece, were bought by David C. Scull of Provincetown. Scull estimates that he can secure a gallon of watch oil from each head. As the oil is worth about \$10 a gallon, Scull expects to get close to \$3000 worth of oil from the lot.

Mine Sweeper Torpedoed

London, Oct. 27.—The British mine sweeping vessel Genista has been torpedoed and sunk, according to an announcement given out by the British admiralty. All the officers and seventy-three members of the mine sweeper's crew were lost. The survivors number twelve.

Many Victims of Gale

Cleveland, Oct. 24.—The death toll of Friday's storm on Lake Erie is now set at fifty-two, as a result of the discovery that the steamer Merida, a 350-foot steel boat bound from Port Williams, Can., to Buffalo is lost and that probably the crew of twenty-five perished.

Grey Favors Peace League

London, Oct. 24.—In the course of an important speech at a luncheon given by the Foreign Press association, Foreign Secretary Grey expressed approval of American movements for a league after the war to maintain peace.

Long Trip In Airship

New York, Oct. 26.—Lawrence H. Sperry flew from Brant Rock, Mass., to Amityville, L. I., 200 miles, in 225 minutes, without stopping. He carried Robert Fowler as passenger.

Recovery of \$13,000 Loot

St. Louis, Oct. 27.—Detectives here recovered \$13,000 of the \$32,000 stolen from a paymaster of the Doughboys Adding Machine company in Detroit.

Jumps to Death With Baby

New York, Oct. 26.—Mrs. Rafaela Nardi of West Hoboken, tortured by ill health, told her family she was going to take the baby to heaven. She stood for 30 minutes on a high place and then jumped to her death with a baby in her arms.

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## HIGH COST OF LIVING

Unlikely to Be Reduced by an Embargo on Exports

Washington, Oct. 26.—There will be no reduction of exports or of food prices in this country, having arrived famine or war, except to prevent illegal combinations.

This statement was made by a high administration authority. Asked whether, in view of the high cost of living and the admission that it is caused primarily by the unprecedented exports, reduction of exports and food prices might be possible, this official replied: "Possible, but highly improbable."

Administration officials blame the high cost of living on the war and the resulting demand of Europe for American wheat, flour, meat and goods generally.

They figure that the farmer is economically on top and say that an embargo which will hit the farmer will not be considered.

## WAGE INCREASE REFUSED

Fall River Mill Operatives to Consider Question of General Strike

Fall River, Mass., Oct. 27.—The Cotton Manufacturers' association announced last night that it had refused the request of the Fall River Textile council for an advance in wages of 10 percent to be effective Nov. 5.

Upon being notified of the manufacturers' decision, a special meeting of the council, which represents five textile unions, was held, and it was voted to call a meeting of all the textile unions for next Wednesday night to vote on the question of a general strike.

## GIRLS TO AID RECRUITING

Twelve Advertised For by Army Authorities at San Francisco

San Francisco, Oct. 26.—The United States army authorities here have advertised for twelve women to aid in securing enlistments for the army.

The advertisements specify that they must be "attractive, intelligent and industrious," hold out the inducement that there is a chance to "make money and do your country a service," and conclude with the warning: "No triflers need apply."

James Atwell, 26, was killed when caught between two trolley cars at Lewiston, Me.

Leona Marion, 7, was struck and instantly killed at Attleboro, Mass., by an automobile.

Edward Darby of Housatonic, Mass., was found hanging to a tree in woods by hunters.

Louis Paradis, 40, was killed instantly at Marlboro, Mass., when he was struck by a train.

The Old Fellows' grand lodge of Maine elected Willis E. Parsons of Foxcroft grand master.

The lives of several firemen were endangered when two motor fire trucks collided at Waltham, Mass.

The first snow flurry of the season occurred at Bangor, Me., with a considerable fall reported further north.

David Kent, 72, was found dead at Rowley, Mass., crushed under a tree which he had felled in the orchard.

The British steamship Holten Castle arrived at Boston from the Far East with a cargo valued at more than \$1,000,000.

Marshall F. Davis, 31, submaster at the New Britain, Conn., high school, died from infantile paralysis after two days' illness.

Mrs. Harry Keene of Poland, Me., was killed when an automobile in which she was riding skidded into a ditch and overturned.

Boston is ready and willing to pay husky laborers \$2.50 a day to work in the street department and can't get men to take the jobs.

Bangor (Me.) Theological seminary, one of the oldest training schools for ministers in America, celebrated its centennial.

The last contingent of New Hampshire militia ordered out for service on the Mexican border left the mobilization camp at Concord.

Thomas Conroy, 25, a fugitive from a New York insane hospital, was killed at Boston by falling between two cars of a freight train.

## ALMOST BALD WITH ECZEMA ON HEAD

Started with Blistery Pimples, Itched so Badly and Hurt so Was Almost Crazy.

HEALED BY CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

"I had eczema which started with blistery pimples along the edge of my hair and went all over my head. It itched so badly and hurt so that I was almost crazy, and I could not sleep, and had to walk the floor at night. My hair all fell out and I was almost bald. I was in the house for two weeks.

"The trouble lasted about eight weeks and I had many treatments, but they did not do any good. Then I used a cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment, and in a few days I was free from the itching and burning. Now I am well and my hair is growing again. I feel like a new man."

Sample Each Free by Mail. Write for sample and full directions to J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

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## A LIVE NEWPORTER FOR State Senator

KEEN, ALERT CAPABLE and PROGRESSIVE

VOTE FOR

## GUY NORMAN

The Republican Candidate For Senator



## Republican Candidate for Congress

1st Congressional District

A Rhode Island business man who endorses the Republican National Platform.

A Republican who believes in a protective tariff and who will vote to protect Rhode Island's industries and labor.

EZRA DIXON

OF BRISTOL

## Active Management

Your business did not build itself--neither does it run itself--it requires energetic and careful management.

A good banking connection is essential to every thriving business.

Checking accounts are cordially invited.

## NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY,

Newport, R. I.

## Good-bye

The telephone "Good-bye" is worth preserving in these days of economy and efficiency. It gives a personal friendly touch to the business or social conversation that makes for better relations. The cheerful "Good-bye" is just as pleasing as the cordial "Good Morning." Over the telephone it averts the feeling one sometimes has of being cut off abruptly.

Say "Good-bye" over the telephone as if it were really a part of your conversation and not merely a habit of speech. Courtesy is always the best policy.



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## Go Hunting

wonderful game country, comfortable camps, experienced guides, best of shooting.

## Down in Maine

OPEN SEASON--Deer Oct. 1 to Dec. 15; Duck Sept. 1 to Dec. 1 Partridge Sept. 15 to Nov. 15; Woodcock Oct. 1 to Nov. 14; all inclusive; bear all the year. Closed season on Moose until 1919.

For hunting books and lists of guides address Advertising Department, New Haven, Ct.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad



## RELEASED THE LADY.

But the Ungallant Judge Did It in His Own Peculiar Way.

There are many interesting references to Lord Chief Justice Campbell scattered about in the memoirs and biographies of his contemporaries. He was a man who inspired strong likes and dislikes. The famous Dr. Keenly had found luxury in the infliction of torture and had a rattle, cruel look on his face, which settled immovably as the judge got older. The following reminiscence of Dr. Keenly is remarkable:

"I remember an incident which shows, although only in a slight degree, his natural lack of courtesy and consideration. A number of ladies crowded into one of the passages of Westminster hall for the purpose of getting a glimpse of the lord chief justice, who was then a celebrity of some note. As he passed his button caught in a beautiful lace-trimmed gown by one of his fair admirers. After a vain struggle to disengage himself Campbell deliberately took out his pocket-knife—everybody thought for the purpose of cutting off his button and releasing the lady. Not at all. He coolly cut a hole in her handsome lace and passed on with his sweetest smile."—Law Magazine and Review.

## A KANGAROO AT BAY.

Its Cunning Defense When Pursued Into the Water by Dogs.

In the kangaroo hunts of Australia capture is sufficiently easy, but sometimes the kangaroo makes an original defense.

If possible the kangaroo directs his flight toward a river. If he reaches it he enters, and, thanks to his great height, he is able to go on foot to a depth where the dogs are obliged to swim.

There he plants himself on his two hind legs and his tail and, up to his shoulders in the water, awaits the arrival of the pack. With his forepaws he seizes by the head the first dog that approaches, and as he is more solidly balanced than his assailant he holds the dog's nose beneath the water as long as he can. Unless a second dog speedily comes to the rescue the first one is inevitably drowned. If a companion arrives and sets him free he is glad to regain the bank as quickly as possible.

A strong and courageous old kangaroo will hold his own against twenty or thirty dogs, drowning some and frightening others, and the hunter is obliged to intervene with a bullet.—London Spectator.

An Ironclad of 1855.

It is generally supposed that the first use of armor for battleships was during the Crimean war. As a matter of fact, the Dutch claim to have been the pioneers of ironclad building more than 300 years ago. During the famous siege of Antwerp by the Spaniards in 1655, says J. H. Hale in "Famous Sea Fights," the people of the city built a huge flat-bottomed warship, armed with heavy iron plates, which they named the *Fins Bell*, a boastful expression of the hope that she would end the war. An old print of the *Fins Bell* shows a four-masted ship with a high poop. But the vessel steered badly and eventually ran aground under the Spanish batteries and fell into the hands of their commander, the Duke of Parma. He kept the *Fins Bell* as a curiosity till the end of the siege.

A Summer Without Nights.

To the summer visitor in Sweden there is nothing more striking than the almost total absence of night. At Stockholm, the Swedish capital, the sun goes down a few minutes before 10 o'clock and rises again four hours later during a greater part of the month of June. But the four hours the sun lies hidden in the frozen north are not hours of darkness. The refraction of his rays as he passes around the north pole makes midnight as light as a cloudy midday and enables one to read the finest print without artificial light at any time during the "night."

Waste Not, Want Not.

The baby kept throwing her rattle on the floor until four-year-old Bobby grew weary with picking it up and refused to do so any longer.

"But, dear, she is the only little sister you have," gently remonstrated his mother.

"Well," replied the little boy, "I am the only big brother she has, and she will have a hard time if he wears me all out."—New York Post.

Musical Glasses.

Richard Pockrich, an Irishman, was the inventor of musical glasses—ordinary drinking glasses tuned by selection and played by passing wet fingers over the brim. He showed his invention first in Dublin and took it to London about 1750.

Best Be Nothing.

Wife—The doctor writes that in view of our poor circumstances he will not present his bill tomorrow. Artist—We are lucky that our circumstances are so better. If they were we might have to pay at once.—Ellegende Blaetter.

Double Pointed.

Bess—I'm at a loss to understand just what Mr. Blank meant when I told him my age was twenty-five. Tess—What did he say? Bess—That I didn't look it.

Carlyle and His Pipe.

Carlyle smoked often and complained much of dyspepsia. A friend once ventured to suggest that his smoking might perhaps injure and depress him. "Yes," Carlyle said, "and the doctors told me the same thing. I left off smoking and was very miserable, so I took it again and was very miserable still, but I thought it better to smoke and be miserable than to go without."

## MOVED THE LOGGAN STONE.

Then He Had the Costly Job of Moving It Back Again.

Do you know what happens to the seer who attempts to prove to the world that there is nothing in its pet superstitions? Did you ever hear the story of the British naval lieutenant who demonstrated the fact that there was nothing supernatural about the Logan stone? Out there at the tip of Land's End, close to where the pirates of L'Anse-au-Loup used to hold forth, the huge mass of rock rested on the top of the cliff, so delicately poised that a child could make it rock this way and that. A gust of wind would set it to vibrating, and yet for hundreds of years it had been believed that no earthly force could dislodge it from its position. Then along came the lieutenant, who laughed at all such silly superstition. He would prove to the deluded people of Cornwall that the Logan stone could be dumped into the sea by the physical prowess of a few sturdy sailors.

Luckily for his position in the navy of his majesty, George IV, the lieutenant succeeded only in hurling the charmed rock a little way down the cliff, where it lodged in a shelving crevice, for such a howl went up, not only from the guides and tavern people who made a living off of the tourists who came to see the quivering boulder, but from the antiquaries and seafarers who believed that the rock had been delicately poised there by the druid priests or that it illustrated a little understood force of nature, that the admiral sent word to the hapless young officer that he would either restore the Logan stone to its place or forfeit his. A derelict and a month's salary were required to set the stone in its place.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## ANTIQUITY OF CHEESE.

The Bible Mentions It, as Do Homer and Other Early Writers.

Cheese and curdling of the milk are mentioned in the book of Job. David was sent by his father, Jesse, to carry cheese to the camp and to look how his brother fared. "Cheese of David's" formed part of the supplies of King's army at Mahanaim during the rebellion of Absalom.

Homer says that cheese formed part of the ample stores found by Ulysses in the cave of the Cyclops Polyphemos. Euripides, Theocritus and other early poets mention cheese. Lindphus says that excellent cheese and butter were made by the ancient Egyptians, and Strabo states that some of the ancient Britons were so ignorant that, though they had abundance of milk, they did not understand the art of making cheese.

There is no evidence that any of these ancient nations had discovered the use of rennet in making cheese. They appear to have merely allowed the milk to sour and subsequently to have formed the cheese from the curd part of the milk after expelling the serum or whey.

As David when too young to carry arms was able to run to the camp with ten cheeses, ten loaves and an ephah of parched corn, the cheeses must have been very small.

Wonderful Earrings.

The earrings of Biote, the daughter of Aristotle, which were found in Chalcis, where the young woman was buried, represented doves swinging in golden hoops. The miniature birds were marvelously wrought, the feathers of granulated gold, the wings and breasts enriched with bands of color supplied by inserted gems. Precious stones gleamed like tiny sparks for the eyes. Daintiest device of all, the tail feathers were so finely made and curiously adjusted as to move at the slightest motion of the pendant hoop, so that whenever the proud wearer should toss or shake her head her two attendant doves would seem to balance themselves upon their perches, as live birds do in swinging on a bough. They were found by exploring archaeologists.

Overpowered.

"Are you sure you are strong enough to carry this trunk up three flights of stairs?" asked the maiden lady of the constabulary she had summoned.

"Sure, mum," he responded heartily. "How much do I get out of it?"

"Why, if you don't break anything or spoil the walls I'll give you 10 cents."

"Sorry, mum, but I couldn't git away wid dat heavy trunk."

"Why, a minute ago you were sure you were strong enough."

"It was, but yer generosity has made me weak."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Ancient Memory.

In the ancient time men's memories were much more powerful than they are today. The invention of printing necessarily weakened the memory. We can scarcely form an idea of what the memory must have been when it was exercised and cultivated as a thing of sole dependence.—New York American.

Conquering the Cobra.

It has been known thousands of years that the dreaded deadly cobra, whose bite invariably and almost instantly causes death, may be easily paralyzed and tranced by a very slight finger squeeze around the back of its fearful neck.

Frank.

"Ernest is awfully frank."

"Do you love him because he is frank?"

"No; because he is Ernest."

"Spin" Is Right.

"I was out for a spin in my new car yesterday."

"Spin" is right, old man. I saw you when you skidded on the wet asphalt and turned around three times before you could get control of the car again."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

## A JOKE THAT FAILED.

Tried on "Stonewall" Jackson, It Acted the Wrong Way.

"Major Thomas J. Jackson, later the famous 'Stonewall' Jackson, was our instructor in mathematics and drilled the students in artillery tactics," said General Armstrong, an antebellum graduate of the Virginia Military Institute. "Old Jack," as the students called him, with his worn uniform, faded cap, usually perched at a ridiculous angle upon his big head, rusty old cavalry saber and ungainly gait, was in appearance far from our ideal of a soldier. Nevertheless it was possible even then to guess at the real greatness of the man.

"The guns we used in our artillery drills were pulled by hand. As the drill would proceed our instructor would become transformed into the very semblance of Mars himself as, with form erect, waving sword and flashing eye, he would give the command 'Fire!' in a voice that rang over the campus like the blast of a bugle.

"One day in a spirit of mischief the students who were drawing the gun, pretended to lose control of it as it moved rapidly down a gentle incline directly toward Major Jackson. But the commander, instead of scuttling out of the way, as the boys had gleefully anticipated, stood sternly erect and immovable right in the track of the gun.

"I tell you there was some lively hustling and just in the nick of time, too, to keep Old Jack from being run over. That was our only attempt to play a practical joke at Major Jackson's expense."—Youth's Companion.

## FAMILY DINNERS.

In England They Flourish Mainly at Weddings and Funerals.

Family dinners are rare in England. They flourish only at weddings and at funerals, especially at funerals, for mankind collected enjoys war. But other occasions—birthdays and Christmas—are shunned. Christmas especially, in spite of Dickens and Mr. Chesterton, is not what it was, for its gaudy victims, having fewer children and being less bound to their aunts' upon stoves, go away to the seaside or stay at home and hide.

That is a general change, and many modern factors, such as travel, intercourse with strangers, emigration, have shown the family that there are other places than home, until some of them have begun to think that "east or west, home's worst."

There is a frightfully among the relations in the home, a disinclination to call one's mother-in-law "mother." Indeed, relations-in-law are no longer relatives; the two families do not immediately after the wedding call one another Kitty or Tom. The acquired family is merely a subfamily, and of the grouping resembles that of the Montagues and the Capulets, if Romeo and Juliet had married. Mrs. Herbert said charmingly in "Garden Oaks": "Our in-laws are our strained relations."—W. L. George in Harper's Magazine.

How Centipedes Walk.

An eminent authority has investigated the peculiar wavy motion of centipedes and millepedes to determine the manner in which these animals manage to use their superabundant pedal extremities so gracefully and harmoniously. It has been found that the legs move in groups or waves, each wave including a definite number of legs. The number of waves included in the length of the body is constant for each species. In millepedes the waves of each side are synchronous. In centipedes they are symmetrically alternate, giving rise to beautifully concordant movements. The difference may be explained by suggesting that the millepede moves like a pacing horse, the centipede like a trotter.

Branding Criminals.

The branding of criminals was abolished in 1778. Until then this punishment was inflicted in open court, generally in the presence of the judge, the necessary implements—the iron brand, the clamping dish and the iron gripper for keeping the hand steady—being always in readiness. The usual brand was an "R" applied to the left shoulder. Child stealing, etc., however, were at one time punished by branding the offender with "R" on the shoulder (for rogue), "M" on the right hand (for man-slayer) and "T" on the left hand (for thief).—Pall Mall Gazette.

Perforated Stamps.

The man who invented perforated sheets of stamps made a big fortune out of the idea. It is said to have first occurred to a hunting man who wanted to stamp a letter, but could not lay his hand on hufe or scissors. He suddenly thought himself of his pen. Running the towel along, he perforated the edges of the stamp, tore it off and thus started a revolution.—London Tatler.

Transformation.

An English farmer had a number of guests to dinner and was about to help them to some rabbit when he discovered that the dish was cold. Calling the servant, he exclaimed, "Here, Mary, take this rabbit out and eat it and bring it back a little hotter."

C. O. D.

Tommy—Mamma had a lot of things sent home C. O. D. today. What does C. O. D. mean? Tommy's Pop—C. O. D., my son, means "Call on Dad."—Philadelphia Record.

Another Definition.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a coquette? Pa—A coquette, my son, is a girl who gets more admiration than for herself.—Exchange.

A Clever Reply.

Mme. de Maintenon once asked Lord Stair why it was that the affairs of government were so badly managed in France under a king and so well managed in England under a queen. "For that very reason," replied the English ambassador. "For when a man rules the women rule him, and when a woman reigns she is ruled by men."

## GOT THE HORSES ASHORE.

And He Didn't Go About It in the Regular Official Way, Either.

In his younger days Sir Bryan Macon was quite a character in the army and many are the tales that are told of his daredevil recklessness and his no less ready resourcefulness in an emergency.

Once, for instance, a lot of horses had to be unloaded at Imathia. There were no boats and there was shortage of slings, so say nothing of groomers, breast girths and all the other queer paraphernalia that disembarking officers delight in.

But Macon, who is, of course, a son of Erin's Isle, had seen horses disembarked on the wild Irish coast many and many a time in rough and ready fashion, and he knew what they could do when they had to. So, while the others were discussing ways and means below decks, he simply threw these horses aboard.

The animals promptly swam ashore, and while the horror-stricken disembarking officer was looking on aghast, Macon ordered the trumpet for "stables" to be sounded, and every horse promptly lined up on the beach.—London Telegraph.

## DRILLED TO PERFECTION.

Secret of the Military Success of "the Madman of the North."

From drill man gets accustomed to doing under any circumstances what has been hammered into his brain thus after time till it becomes second nature to him.

Charles XII. of Sweden, "the madman of the north," ripped most of Europe up the back again and again because his soldiers were drilled to perfection before he let them take the field at a time when there was great neglect of drill in other armies. He valued 1,000 well drilled fighters above 10,000 not so well drilled, and, madman or genius, his judgment was vindicated repeatedly in terrible battles.

One night Charles XII. was surprised in Poland by an attacking army of 8,000 when his scant force of 600 was sleeping like the dead from the exhaustion of a hard march. Before his onsets and sentinels could be driven in his small band was aroused, mounted, formed in battle line—all in pitiful blackness—and swung into a fierce charge upon the enemy. By daylight the Russians and Poles who had thought to eat him up were virtually annihilated.—Westminster Gazette.

How Clouds Are Colored.

The color of a cloud depends on the manner in which the sunlight falls upon it and the position of the observer. It will be noticed that high clouds are always white or light in color, and this is because the light by which they are seen is reflected from the under surface by the numerous drops of moisture which go to form the cloud. Heavy rain clouds, on the other hand, are found much nearer the earth, and so the light falls on them more directly from above, giving a silver lining to the cloud, though the under surface appears black, owing to the complete reflection and absorption of the light by the upper layers. Seen from above by an observer in a balloon the blackest rain clouds appear of the most dazzling brilliant white.

Duels in Greenland.

In Greenland when one man has been insulted by another the adversaries each compose a satire in verse. This each man recites to his household until the servants and the women know it by heart. Then a place of meeting is appointed. The two men, the insulted and the offender, stand face to face, and each recites his poem. His friends and servants form a chorus. Each man tries hard to raise the laugh against his adversary. Each man speaks in turn, whipping the enemy with epigram and quip, and after two hours of this witty battle the meeting gives the victory to him of the two adversaries who has amused the whole assembly most.

An Odd Team.

Over one of the trails of the Saham desert the queerest of teams is employed in drawing a two-wheeled cart which carries light freight. The team consists of a camel and a small mule, and, while the loads may be unevenly distributed between them, the mates never disagree. Each draws his portion of the load, the camel loping along with great strides, while the mule trots beside him.

His Conundrums.

"Pop, tell me some conundrums." "Conundrums? Why, I don't know any conundrums, my son!" "Oh, yes, you do. I heard mother tell Aunt Mary the other day that you keep her guessing most of the time."—Exchange.

Greatest Volcano Crater.

The largest volcano crater in the world is in Asosan, in southern Japan. It measures fourteen miles across one way and more than ten miles the other.

Surest Way.

"Do you know how to open the door to a successful courtship?" "Easiest thing doing. Just ring the bell."—Baltimore American.

The Old Story.

"Did Hamlet's bear his misfortune like a man?" "Exactly like one. He blamed it all on his wife."—Judge.

It is the peculiarity of a fool to be quick in seeing the faults of others while he is blind to his own.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of J. C. H. Fletcher

There is a flashing beacon on High, across a wave-washed coast west of the Santa Barbara isle, California, which, without attention, will flash its warnings every three seconds for seven months, or over 8,000,000 flashes, before it requires recharging with gas.—Argonaut.

## FORETOLD HIS OWN DOOM.

Lord Kitchener Felt That He Would Lose His Life at Sea.

Lord Kitchener had a sort of foreboding of an accident at sea. So much was this the case that he never crossed from Dover to Calais without wearing a life belt waistcoat, one that he had specially made for him in Egypt before he made his famous advance to Khartoum.

Though so often on the sea and an excellent sailor, he detected sea tips and never felt comfortable on board any ship. He complained that the sea affected his sight.

Another curious point was that while he always acquired curios in any part of the world in which he might be, he took care never to allow his purchases to be on the vessel on which he was a passenger.

When Lord Kitchener was in France a few months before he lost his life at sea off the Orkney Islands he was visiting the British front. There he met his friend, the naval Captain Testu de Beaulieu, then on service at Dunkirk, whom Lord Kitchener asked to be his special aid if he should need one later during the war.

Lord Kitchener told his friend how a heavy shell had burst close to him while on this visit, but added, "That did not disturb me, for I knew that I shall die at sea."—New York Sun.

## STREETS OF LONDON.

A Name System That Is Confusing Even to Residents of the City.

When it comes to confusing street systems London should not be overlooked. Some consider it the most confusing, even Londoners not always being sure of location.

As an example of what one meets in the British capital a man once asked to be directed to a certain house on King street. He was sent in one direction. When he did not come to King street as soon as he expected he asked again for King street and was sent in an opposite direction. Again not sure of his direction, he asked a third time for King street and was asked which King street he wanted.

The question stumped him, and knowing that London has nineteen King streets. This number does not include the King streets in London's suburbs. If this man who wanted King street had asked for Queen street his predicament would have been even greater, for there are thirty-four Queen streets in London.

Great as the city is, it is far behind New York in regard to a comprehensive street system, even though corners of New York such as Greenwich Village are most confusing.—Exchange.

They Took the Lash.

One of the traditions of the British Royal Yacht club is of Lord Yarborough's Falcon, the crew of which were paid extra wages on condition that they they submitted to the usual rigors by force on British vessels of war. These included flogging under certain circumstances, and it is said that in consideration of the additional sum paid by Lord Yarborough some of the crew cheerfully submitted to the occasional application of the cut-throat. "Indeed, before the Falcon left Plymouth sound for a cruise all hands cordially signed a paper setting forth the usefulness of a sound flogging in cases of extremity and their perfect willingness to undergo the experiment whenever it was deemed necessary for the preservation of good order."

Superstitions About Hares.

There have been at various periods all manner of queer superstitions about hares, which would seem to indicate that the believers were themselves madder than any hare that ever gambled in March. His brains were believed to make children's teeth come quickly and painlessly; those who ate its flesh became lovely and gracious for a week after; a waistcoat made of hare's skin straightened the bodies both of young and old, etc. Even today there are those who take as an evil omen the crossing of the road before them by this most innocent of creatures.—London Chronicle.

## BOILING WATER.

It Is Not Always Hot and Sometimes May Be Barely Heated.

If you seal yourself with the tea-kettle you are apt to think that boiling water is a pretty hot proposition. But boiling water is not always very hot water, and this is the way it happens. When water boils ordinarily it is because great heat has separated the tiny particles of the water, forcing upward and outward in lively bubbles the air which is contained in them. This is done in spite of the downward pressure of the atmosphere. After the water has become hot enough to boil it can get no hotter, because the air escapes as fast as it is sufficiently heated to do so.

There are places on the earth where the pressure of the atmosphere upon the water is so slight that it requires but little heat to push apart the particles and set free the air bubbles which are confined in the water. So it begins to boil before it becomes very hot. It ought hardly to be called cold water, perhaps, but it is certainly far from being as hot as ordinarily boiling water. This state of things is found on all high mountain tops, as the atmosphere grows weaker and its pressure less as one ascends.

A man traveling at a great elevation in the Andes mountains put some potatoes in a pot of water over a hot fire. The water began to boil almost immediately, but the potatoes did not cook. All the afternoon and all the night the water bubbled and boiled, but still the potatoes were not cooked. The boiling water was not hot enough.

Work of a Beacon.

There is a flashing beacon on High, across a wave-washed coast west of the Santa Barbara isle, California, which, without attention, will flash its warnings every three seconds for seven months, or over 8,000,000 flashes, before it requires recharging with gas.—Argonaut.

Pilmooll's Mark.

Any sailor will tell you that the pilmooll is a conspicuous mark on the hull of a vessel, usually an oval or ellipse of white paint with an arrow drawn through it to indicate the extreme water line when the ship has been loaded. As long as the pilmooll mark shows above the water the burden of freight in the ship's hold is not too great for her carrying capacity. The curious word is the badge of immortality of a philanthropist, Samuel Pilmooll, who was born in Bristol, England, in 1824. When he went into the coal business he learned of the horrible conditions under which the men of the British merchant marine had to work. Owners figured that it was cheaper to lose an occasional ship with all on board than to restrict the load and make the voyage reasonably safe. In order to thwart this rapacity Pilmooll entered parliament in 1848. His persistent work resulted in the passage of the "merchant shipping act" in 1876 to prevent ships from going to sea in an unsafe condition.

Hetty Green's Finances.

Hetty Green nearly brought Collis P. Huntington to ruin once. She had \$1,000,000 deposited in one of his banks and found that he was using the bank's money in investments that she regarded as foolish. Besides, there had been deaths in which she thought she had cause to make Huntington sit up and take particular notice of her. She appeared before an officer of the bank, a Mr. Stewart, and said:

"I'd like my money right away—not in checks; in cash, please."

"Is there no other way, Mrs. Green?" he asked, beginning to perspire.

"None," said she. "Cash, please."

She got it—after a scrutiny of many bank messengers—in all kinds of money and in such bank that four messengers had to carry it for her, the while the rumor got out that Huntington was going to smash. As a matter of fact he did have a narrow escape.—New York World.

No Husband Is Perfect.

Don't expect all the virtues in one man. If he is good natured he may be lazy; if he is scholarly he may be cold; if he is thrifty he may be stingy; if he is generous he may be wasteful; if he is smooth he may be deceitful. The man who charms you with his humorous appearance is likely to be something of an old maid; the man who is careful to pick threads off your skirt is prone to pick flaws in you; the man who takes an undue interest in the selection of your hats may take an undue interest in the bill which comes home; the man who before marriage jumps to open the door, lest your fingers be contaminated by the knob, may after marriage allow those same fingers to be contaminated by the washboard.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Valuable Tooth.

There is an amusing story of the economy necessary in the early days of the Norwegian theater at Bergen. It was in 1840, when Ibsen and Bjornson were creating the national drama. A lady had been engaged for the part of "second old woman" when it was discovered that her elocutionary powers were impaired by the fact that she had lost one of her front teeth. Impoverished as she was, the management came to the rescue and bore the expense of the necessary dentistry. When she retired, however, after two seasons, she had to leave the tooth behind her, the example of the theater's art being the property of the theater. The management was too poor to part with it.

She Was One of Them.

Once a high school principal was having a dispute with one of his teachers, a vivacious young lady. She claimed that the word "man" meant mankind as a whole, while "men" always signified the masculine gender.

The principal maintained that there were exceptions and triumphantly quoted, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels."

But the young lady answered demurely, "That won't do, for you see both genders are mentioned there."—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Art of Carpentry.

How many common figurative expressions in our language are borrowed from the art of carpentry may be seen from the following sentence: "The lawyer who filed the bill, shaved the note, cut an acquaintance, split a hair, made an entry, got up a case, framed an indictment, impounded a jury, pet them into a box, nailed a witness, hammered a judge and bored a whole court. All in one day, has since laid down law and turned carpenter."

Wasted Labor.

Little Edna, who was watching the men working a pile driver in the bay opposite, said to her mother: "I'm so sorry for those poor men, mamma. They're been trying and trying to lift out that big weight, and every time they get it almost to the top it falls right back again."—Boston Transcript.



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proper size and neatly dis-  
played, your communication  
will command attention.

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**Stationery That Our**  
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**Some People Never Satisfied.**  
We lived for awhile in a Korean  
house eating Korean rice, pickles and  
meat, paddling about in stocking  
feet sitting on our heels in lieu of  
chairs, sleeping on stone floors with  
mats resting (?) on the customary  
cushions which the Koreans much  
prefer to pillows. But we had the  
experience only when we deliberately  
went there. The orient is the orient  
to those who wish it so.—Chris-  
tian Herald.

**As in Shakespeare's Time.**  
An American lady at Stratford-on-  
Avon showed even more than the usu-  
al American enthusiasm and fervor.  
She was not recovered when she reach-  
ed the railway station, for she remark-  
ed to a friend as they walked on the  
platform: "To think that it was from  
this platform the immortal bard de-  
parted whenever he journeyed  
to Stratford!"

**A Straight Tip.**  
I was told the first hotel, "why  
don't you stay at the house?"

"I don't like to," replied the eth-  
erical-looking "guy" who came  
to see me. "Turn from her  
and go to the house!"

## SEAL OF THE UNION

Inde Seal's Mark When He  
Stamps Official Documents.

HISTORY OF ITS ADOPTION.

Franklin, Adams and Jefferson Were  
the Men Appointed by John Hancock  
to Prepare the Device For the Great  
Seal of the United States.

The founders of our government did  
nothing without careful deliberation,  
and we are told that the adoption of a  
seal for the United States was care-  
fully considered as the founding of the  
Declaration of Independence. It was  
adopted during the period of the Con-  
federation, several years before the adop-  
tion of the constitution, but not till  
after several years' deliberation.

On the 4th of July, 1776, after the  
Declaration of Independence had been  
publicly read upon John Hancock, pres-  
ident of the congress, appointed Benja-  
min Franklin, John Adams and Thom-  
as Jefferson a committee "to prepare a  
device for the great seal of the United  
States of America." A seal was not  
needed for ornament or show, but to  
certify the official commissions soon to  
be issued by the United States. The  
committee took up the matter at once.

Each of the members of the commit-  
tee had some ideas of his own, and  
they called in an artist of Philadelphia  
to help them formulate a design. This  
artist was Pierre Simillier, a patriotic  
Swiss, who was doing some excellent  
portrait painting in the then capital  
city of the country.

The Swiss drew a design, which was  
discussed by the committee, after  
which each member suggested addi-  
tions or changes, which were incorpo-  
rated by Jefferson in a report made to  
congress on Aug. 10, 1776. This report  
was in heraldic language, describing  
the shield, crest, dexter, legend, etc.  
The following is an extract of this re-  
port:

"The great seal should on one side  
have the arms of the United States of  
America, which arms should be as fol-  
lows: The shield has six quarters—the  
first an enameled rose, for England;  
the second a thistle proper, for Scot-  
land; the third a harp, for Ireland;  
the fourth a fleur-de-lis, for France;  
the fifth the imperial eagle, for Ger-  
many; the sixth the crowned lion, for  
Holland—pointing out the countries  
from which the colonies have been  
peopled."

After describing other details, as the  
Emblem of Liberty, the initial letters  
of the colonies, etc., the report said,  
"Crest, the eye of Providence in a  
radiant triangle, whose glory extends  
over the shield and beyond the fig-  
ures; motto, 'E Pluribus Unum.'"

For some reason or other congress  
referred this device back to the com-  
mittee for further report. Franklin  
had proposed for a motto "Rebellion to  
Tyranis is Obedience to God." Adams  
proposed Hercules leaning on a club,  
while all the virtues and nearly all the  
sins grouped about him in different  
attitudes. His design would have been  
a monstrosity and laughingstock. Jef-  
ferson's composite design simplified  
matters, and it was he who suggested  
the motto "E Pluribus Unum."

This was in August, 1776. The war  
soon absorbed the attention and until  
further was done about the seal  
until March, 1779, when a committee  
of three was appointed to consider and  
report on the subject. This committee  
reported in favor of a shield with thir-  
teen diagonal stripes, alternately red  
and white, a constellation of thirteen  
stars, a figure of Liberty and the motto  
"Bella vel Pace Paratus" ("Ready for  
war or peace").

This report also was recommended,  
and it was nearly a year before the  
matter came up again. Not to follow  
through repeated discussions and re-  
jections of several designs, the present  
seal was not adopted till June 20, 1782.

It was the work of a young Ameri-  
can artist, William Barton, by name,  
who followed in many respects the de-  
sign submitted by Jefferson six years  
before, but simplified it. He retained  
the eagle, a bundle of arrows in one  
talons and an olive branch in the other;  
the helmet with six stars or quarter-  
ings, signifying the six nationalities  
from which the country had been main-  
ly peopled, and the motto "E Pluribus  
Unum," which survived all the discus-  
sions.

The designer said, "The motto at-  
tudes to the Union." He added in his  
explanation, "The escutcheon is borne  
on the breast of the American eagle,  
without any other support, to denote  
that the United States of America  
ought to rely on their own virtues."

The different executive departments  
of the government have each their own  
seal, but every commission signed by  
the president is stamped with the great  
seal of the United States, which is kept  
in the state department.—Washington  
Post.

Changing It a Bit.

"Are you going to Mrs. Tyresum-  
Clymer's dinner?"

"No, I have a subsequent engage-  
ment."

"A subsequent engagement?"

"Yes. One that I made as soon as I  
heard that Mrs. Tyresum-Clymer was  
going to give a dinner!"—Puck.

Troubles.

Billy—In days of old the gallant used  
to kiss his lady's hand. Milly—What  
a bother to have to take off one's glove!  
—Philadelphia Record.

A Big Shadow.

We are told that the "smallest hair  
throws a shadow." And so it does. It  
throws a shadow over your appetite  
when you find it in your food.—Ex-  
change.

Sarcasm.

Man: "Well, the doctor says, he  
thinks I'm suffering from brain fac-  
tice." "No, rather a different fact,"  
he said to the doctor.

## HITLESS BASEBALL.

Remarkable Record That Was Made  
by Cy Young in 1904.

The proud record for pitching con-  
secutive innings of hitless baseball is  
held by no less a personage than the  
late Denton Tecumseh Young of  
Boston, better known as "Cy," the holder  
of several records in unusual feats in the  
pitching line.

It was back in April, 1901, that  
Young proceeded to shatter all figures  
in this line, and before he got through  
he had pitched a new record in hitting  
hitless ball and one which stands to-  
day clean out and without a spot or  
blemish and without a doubt the great-  
est piece of pitching the game ever  
witnessed.

On April 30 against the Washington  
team Young took Winter's place in the  
third inning, no one out, and pitched  
out the game, retiring the next twenty-  
one batters in order. Young's next  
game took place May 5 against the  
Athletics. Cy pitched the best game  
of his long and honorable career that  
day and retired twenty-seven of those  
famous swatmen of Connie Mack in a  
row. In a game against Detroit on  
May 11 Denton T. pitched his famous  
fifteen inning 1 to 0 game against the  
Tigers, and in the first seven innings  
Young set them down without a base  
hit.

This would give Cy twenty-three  
innings of hitless ball, or, in other  
words, as far as the records show, six-  
ty-eight batters stepped to the plate  
and were retired in succession. In that  
same period the big Oleoan pitched  
forty-eight consecutive innings where-  
in his opponents failed to get a run  
across the plate. After his great no-  
hit run game against the Athletics he  
pitched fifteen innings of runless ball,  
as mentioned, against the Tigers  
with Ed Killian opposing him. It was  
a battle royal, and the clever Killian  
met defeat by a score of 1 to 0.—New  
York Sun.

## CHARTING THE GREAT LAKES.

Uncle Sam Has a Steady Job In These  
Perilous Waters.

Summer after summer the fleet of  
the lake survey sails the broad ex-  
panse of the five lakes and the score  
of bays and inlets searching for dan-  
ger spots that may claim their heavy  
toll of human life and vessel tonnage.

Since 1841 the United States govern-  
ment has been silently carrying on  
this work, a herculean fight against  
the jagged reef and the unseen shoal  
that menace navigation. Sounding  
blues have been plunged into black  
depths of 55,000 square miles of water,  
and still today there are areas that  
have not been charted in which pass-  
ing ships may founder.

Probably no frequented waterway  
in the world is so hazardous as the  
great lakes. At no time is a steam-  
er on them more than a comparatively  
few hours from shore and perilous-  
ly fierce storms arise, fully as  
violent as those experienced on the  
ocean, which play with the steel ships,  
battering them helplessly about, threat-  
ening to engulf or sweep them ashore.

Over \$5,000,000 has been spent by  
the government since 1841 for the  
prosecution of the work of charting  
the lakes. Locked in heavy timbered  
boxes, protected from fire in immense  
vaults in the old postoffice building, de-  
tailed, are over 1,200 field charts, dat-  
ing back to 1818, when a survey of Lake  
Erie was made by officers of the British  
navy. With few exceptions the  
maps are the result of the scientific re-  
searches of United States officers and  
surveyors.—New York Sun.

## JACKSON'S INAUGURATION.

Unwelcomed by Adams, but the People  
Made Things Pretty Lively.

It was on Feb. 11, the day the elec-  
toral votes were counted, that Jackson  
arrived in Washington and took up his  
residence at Gadsby's, an inn famous  
in stage coaching days. He declined  
to call upon President Adams, imply-  
ing that he could not bring himself to  
touch the hand of a man who had at-  
tained office through unworthy means.  
He busied himself with the office seek-  
ers, who rushed to Washington in in-  
credible numbers, likewise avoiding  
Adams to flock around the power that  
was to be. Adams, resenting this  
breach of etiquette, took no official  
notice of his successor and left  
the city on the 3d of March, neither  
he nor any member of his cabinet re-  
maining to welcome Jackson to office.

On the morning of March 4 these  
fortunate to secure a commanding po-  
sition on Capitol hill looked down upon  
Pennsylvania avenue alive with cars  
and carriages full of women and chil-  
dren, their male escorts walking be-  
side them. At last a small company  
of men was seen marching compactly  
through this crowd up the middle of  
the avenue, one tall figure holding his  
bat, while the wind played through his  
willow gray locks. There was some-  
thing military in the sight, something  
most un military in the rabble of peo-  
ple shouting themselves hoarse in ac-  
claim of the spare, erect figure. It  
was an expression of popular will and  
popular trust that gripped the heart  
and sent an ache to the throats even of  
those who feared the "Tennessee bar-  
barian" and his host.

After taking the oath of office Jack-  
son returned to the White House on  
horseback, followed indiscriminately  
by white and black, rich and poor,  
men, women and children, who swarm-  
ed over the lawn and through the  
rooms of the executive mansion, where  
no police provision had been made for  
such an onslaught. The courageous  
old warrior was forced that day to do  
what he seldom did. He retreated  
and sought refuge in his old quarters  
at Gadsby's. Current rumor had it  
that a quantity of china and cut glass  
to the value of several thousand dol-  
lars was broken in an attempt to get  
refreshments to the multitude, and  
that a great tub of punch were car-  
ried out in front of the house, but that  
"household goods" had not been  
removed.—Helen Nixday in Century.

**Children Cry**  
**FOR FLETCHER'S**  
**CASTORIA**

## INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE.

Members of Every Different Tribe Can  
Read These Signals.

A white man who visits a foreign na-  
tion finds it hard and sometimes im-  
possible to make his most ordinary  
wants known. The red man has no  
such difficulty. The problem of a uni-  
versal language was solved centuries  
ago by the savage inhabitants of this  
western world.

Should an Indian from northern Ariz-  
ona go to Patagonia he could by means  
of this universal language converse  
with his southern brethren almost as  
easily as he could with his neighbors  
at home. That would also be the case  
if he visited Central America or met  
the filices of our own western prair-  
ies and mountains.

When this language was invented no  
one knows, but every Indian knows it  
in addition to his own. Recently two  
chiefs of different tribes met in the  
geographical society rooms in Wash-  
ington and held a conversation that  
lasted nearly three hours, and yet nei-  
ther one knew a word of the other's  
language.

This universal language is, of course,  
made up of signs. For example, if an  
Indian is passing through a strange  
country and sees other Indians at a  
distance he makes the "peace sign"—  
that is, he holds up his blanket by two  
corners so that it covers his whole fig-  
ure. The same thought is expressed  
by extending the hands, palms out-  
ward, slightly inclined from the face.  
Any Indian would understand either  
one of these signs.

Then there are the abstract signs by  
which the "savages" can express  
their thoughts with regard to the  
Great Spirit, heaven, good, evil, life  
and death, sickness, health, riches and  
poverty. Life is expressed by drawing  
an imaginary thread from the mouth  
and death by chopping this thread off.  
Another sign for death is to hold the  
tips of the fingers of one hand against  
the palm of the other and let them  
gradually slip downward and at last  
drop beneath the palm.

Most white people think that the In-  
dian word of greeting, "How," is mere-  
ly the abbreviation of the question,  
"How are you?" But that is not so.  
The word is really "how," which means  
"brother" or "friend." So when he  
comes up and greets you he is seemingly  
inquisitive "How" he is not asking  
after your health, but telling you that  
he is a friend.—Youth's Companion.

## Jutland and the Sea.

Jutland is one of the few countries  
where political change has been avoid-  
ed. Denmark has looked after the  
Jutes for over 1,000 years without  
challenge. But the sea has refused to  
let Jutland alone. Like Holland, it  
needs the protection of dikes, and but  
for these there would be considerably  
less Jutland. Even on the east coast,  
with its higher elevation, the sea runs  
into many inlets. One of the longest  
of these, the Lyngby, was in 1925  
broken into from the west by the wa-  
ters of the North sea, and the north  
corner of Jutland has ever since re-  
mained an island.—London Chronicle.

## Had His Title All Ready.

Disraeli's first novel abounds a curi-  
ous instance of intelligent anticipation.  
Among the host of characters in "Viv-  
ian Grey," most of them slightly veiled  
portraits of celebrities of the day.  
Lord Beaconsfield is one of the most  
important in the secondary rank. The  
novel was written in 1826, exactly fifty  
years before the writer assumed the  
title he had invented. It is usual for  
novelists to portray themselves in their  
first book, but no other instance can be  
found of an author christening a char-  
acter with a name subsequently to be-  
come his own.—London Spectator.

## Sheepskin.

Sheepskin was used as parchment be-  
fore the invention of paper. Even then  
it was a substitute for vellum, which is  
made from calfskin and of a far finer  
quality than parchment, and was em-  
ployed for fine illuminated work. Tan-  
ned sheepskins are in the trade called  
basils. For these there are many legiti-  
mate uses, but it is for imitation pur-  
poses that the sheepskin is most large-  
ly used.

## Already Knew Some of It.

"Johnny," said the small boy's moth-  
er, "I want you to stay home all after-  
noon and learn the Declaration of In-  
dependence by heart."

"I'll have to if you insist. But the  
idea doesn't line up with my ideas of  
life, liberty and the pursuit of happi-  
ness."—Washington Star.

## In a Safe Place.

First Undergraduate—Have you tele-  
graphed to the old man for money?  
Second Undergraduate—Yes.  
"Got an answer?"

"Yes. I telegraphed the governor.  
Where is that money I wrote for?" and  
his answer reads, "In my pocket."—  
Baltimore Sun.

## Early Morning Talks.

"He is always doing something that  
causes a lot of talk."

"Why, I never heard any of it."  
"He is the only one who hears it.  
He is always staying out at night later  
than his wife wishes him to."—Hous-  
ton Post.

## Wonderful Tree Roots.

The land, a tree which grows pro-  
fusely in the Indian Punjab, a very  
dry region, is chiefly remarkable for  
its very long tap root, which was  
eighty-four feet in one remarkable  
specimen and which descended verti-  
cally sixty-four feet into the earth.

"I'll try" has not the genuine metal  
ring "I will" puts money into the pay  
envelope.

## All Sorts.

"How's this—seven different styles  
of plug hats?"

"The line officers of our lodge. Each  
bought a plug hat the year he was  
elected."—Kansas City Journal.

To dread no eye and to suspect no  
tongue is the greatest prerogative of  
innocence.—Dr. Johnson.

## THE GREAT WHITE PLAQUE.

Women Teachers Have Good Reason  
For Dreaded Tuberculosis.

That teachers are especially prone to  
tuberculosis is the statement made by  
the bureau of educational hygiene of  
the city of New York. This department  
says that this disease is 20 per cent  
more prevalent among teachers than  
among others of corresponding sex and  
age and that about half of all deaths  
among women teachers is caused by  
tuberculosis, and this in spite of the  
fact that teachers belong to a better  
hygienic grade than the general aver-  
age.

Strenuous, nerve taxing work that  
causes physical exhaustion and nerve  
breakdown is given as the main cause.  
Terman states that "four hours of ac-  
tual teaching represent about eight  
hours of ordinary office work." What  
is probably the second cause is lack  
of sufficient rest and regular exercise  
in the open air.

Speaking along this line, the state  
board of health says: "The worn, tired  
look that usually marks the teacher,  
especially about the close of school, is  
too often a condition of serious con-  
sequence. It may be just a 'tired, run-  
down condition' or a case of 'worn-out  
nerves' or both, but there are predis-  
posing causes of tuberculosis as much  
or more than others."

"Unless the teacher is wise," says  
the board, "and as quickly as possible  
overcomes this tired feeling and regu-  
larizes her usual state of health and  
vigor she subjects herself to an open  
risk against tuberculosis as well as to  
other diseases."

"What the wise teacher will do is to  
avoid overwork and a nervous strain  
and see that she gets sufficient rest  
daily as well as daily exercise in the  
open air. This worst condition that  
is too often the beginning of a long  
and story is easy to prevent. To pre-  
vent it should be the teacher's first  
duty."

## MADE A POOR GUESS.

The Chinese General Knew More Than  
Did the Tibetan Buddha.

At the entrance of the monastery at  
Kumbum are eight large monuments,  
which contain the ashes of eight  
Buddhas. Long years ago, at the be-  
ginning of the Ming dynasty, after  
hard fighting the Tibetans were driven  
back from Chinese territory, which  
they had overrun for hundreds of  
miles. When the victorious Chinese  
general reached Kumbum he sent for  
these eight Buddhas and said to them:  
"You can read the future. Can you  
tell me when you are going to die?"  
One of them, shrewd enough to under-  
stand the general's mind, said, "To-  
morrow." "No," said the general; "it  
will be today." And it was.

Quite a number of temples and  
buildings make up the monastery. The  
chief temple, which is dedicated to  
Tibetan Buddhism, has a roof of gold,  
variously conjectured as being from  
one-eighth of an inch to half an inch  
thick. Inside is a large image of  
Tsong Kulu, said by some to be of  
gold, but it is probably overlaid with  
gold. The temple threshold is covered  
with planks, and we saw many poor  
deluded people prostrating themselves  
in worship there. Around the main  
building are many large prayer wheels,  
which are kept well on the turn by the  
devotees to obtain merit.—Christian  
Herald.

## Miseries of the Red Sea.

In the waters of the Red sea the  
cessation of the engines on a steamer  
for an hour means extreme physical  
suffering for passengers; for a day it  
would involve absolute torture. The  
wind which prevails every day is a  
hot, asphyxiating blast, and its contin-  
uous directions are from north and  
south toward the center. As a result  
every passing vessel is subjected to  
two days of almost intolerable heat,  
followed by two days of compara-  
tive comfort, but instances have been  
known of crowded liners being com-  
pelled when traveling with the wind  
to turn round and stem back for an  
hour or so in order to give the pas-  
sengers even a brief respite from the  
sufferings induced by the dull, dead,  
unbearable atmosphere.

## Must Try Something Else.

"I've planned a new cookbook for  
wives who take but a desultory inter-  
est in the kitchen."  
"What's your idea?"  
"Recipes will be sandwiched between  
short stories."

## Some Reach.

Bacon—It is said a dinner table  
reaching around the earth sixteen  
times would be required if the inhabi-  
tants of the world sat down at a  
meal together. Egbert—Imagine your-  
self reaching for the butter!—Yonkers  
Statesman.

## Too Rough.

"How did the girls' sparring match  
turn out?"

"It was very brief. Mabel fainted  
and Gertrude fainted."—Exchange.

## Diplomatic.

Young Man—So Miss Ethel is your  
oldest sister. Who comes after her?  
Small Brother—Nobody ain't come yet,  
but pa says the first fellow that comes  
can have her.—Exchange.

## Free Votes.

Willie—What's your libre, dad? Crab-  
shaw—Something you wouldn't know  
was poetry unless you were told.—  
New York Times.

## Hardly the Thing.

"Why did she break the ice cream  
mercy?"

"Seems to me that her first kiss was  
one of these envelopes with a glass  
front."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Children Cry**  
**FOR FLETCHER'S**  
**CASTORIA**

## UNIQUE CEREMONY

The Japanese Rite For the Battle  
Slain of the World.

IT EMBRACED ALL NATIONS.

On a Floating Temple in Sumida River  
a Priest of Tokyo, With His Flock, Of-  
fered Prayers For the Souls of Sol-  
diers Dead Because of Wars.

Unusual preparations were made one  
morning in Shinjuku, or the Gotoh  
Out of the Mountain temple, a quiet  
little place of worship hidden away in a  
labyrinth of crooked streets in a poor  
quarter of Tokyo—preparations for a  
celebration on the Sumida river to  
pray for the repose of the souls of all  
those slain in battle regardless of na-  
tionality and to scatter scraps of paper  
bearing the image of Jizo Sama over  
the waves, one for each departed spirit.

The chief priest, an aged man, with  
his assistant and the supporters of the  
temple, had been busy for days in ad-  
vance, and all was ready. The red and  
gold altar of Shinsenji was heaped up  
with offerings of rice and fruit, and a  
plain wooden tablet had been placed  
there bearing the words:

"To console all those souls who have  
passed into the beyond because of war."

The old priest, his bald head shining,  
clad in his coarse cotton robe of gray,  
officiated before the altar, and when the  
last prayers were uttered the people  
formed a procession to the Sumida river,  
a short distance away.

Near a bridge an unusual craft was  
waiting, a deep cargo junk roofed over  
with canvas bearing bold black Bud-  
dhist symbols, and at the bow fluttered  
a white cotton banner on which was  
written in large black characters:

"A service to console the spirits of  
the whole world's departed ones."

Quickly the parishioners embarked  
and squatted down on the cushions  
spread over the bottom of the boat, and  
the priest, the central figure in the re-  
ligious ceremony, as gray and faded as  
the robes he wore, took up his position  
in front of the altar. A piece of solid  
embroidered did duty for an altar cloth,  
and there was set up a tarnished statue  
of Jizo Sama. Just below were three  
wooden tablets. The central one read:

"Pray for the whole world's departed  
ones' souls." The others had inscrip-  
tions asking for prayers for the Japane-  
se army and for prayers for the  
allies of Japan.

The priest placed some sweet scented  
squares of incense upon the coals in a  
small brass brazier, and as the clouds  
rose into the air the boatman with his  
bamboo pole pushed off from the shore  
and the holy man's voice was heard  
chanting—all the worshippers, old wom-  
en and young, men and children, mur-  
muring in an undertone, "Namu Amida  
Butsu."

Out upon the Sumida river the cere-  
mony of scattering the papers was be-  
gun. Old and young with their

